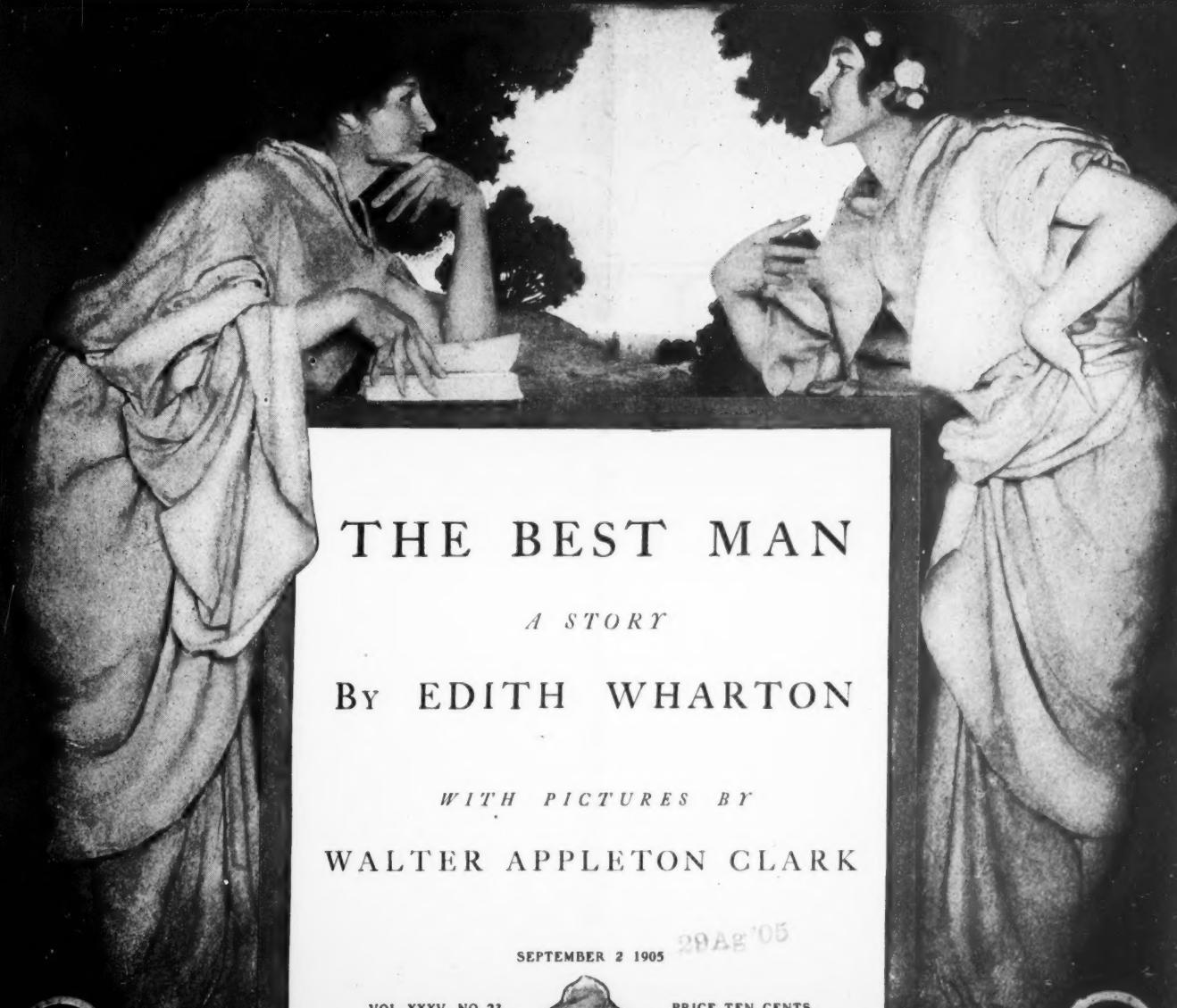


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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE BEST MAN

A STORY

BY EDITH WHARTON

WITH PICTURES BY

WALTER APPLETON CLARK

29 Aug '05
SEPTEMBER 2 1905

VOL XXXV NO 23

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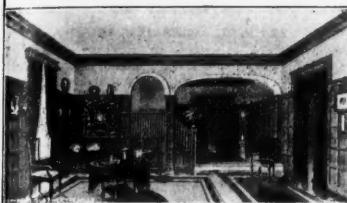
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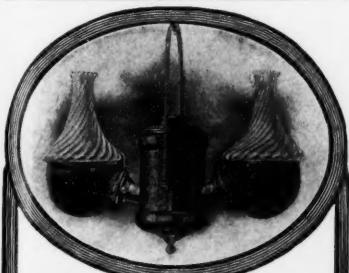
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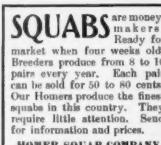


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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



JUMPING THE BIG WAVE

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



AS NO PRINCIPLE UNDERLIES an indemnity, that satisfies the general reason and moral sense, it is no wonder that the views of Russia and Japan on that topic have been more divergent than on any other. When Germany forced her indemnity, France was in a sense buying back her territory. The situation was what it would be if Japan were in absolute control of European Russia. It is a somewhat different matter for a victor to say, "I intend to hold all I have taken and also be paid." The only comprehensible ground for such a course is either sheer power or the assertion that on the other contestant lies all the blame—and this assertion is always made. In this case, however, it meets with general accord. Japan's terms would have seemed severe, considering her proposal to give back to Russia nothing, were it not for the world's belief that this war was a direct consequence of a wrong done to her a decade ago and continued by Russia ever since.

SITTING ON THE VERANDA of the Hotel Wentworth, the peace envoys, like other human beings, were attacked with a vivacity to which the Newcastle mosquito is seldom equal. He is a small variety, without deep reach, but for a few days he did much to acquire a reputation. M. WITTE and Baron ROSEN met his assaults as do Americans. They became somewhat nervous, fairly indignant, and active in revenge. Baron KOMURA and Mr. TAKAHIRA, with the other Japanese assembled, sat as if the minute pests were of no more importance than the jolty New England climate or than a wandering Russian shell. They took mosquitoes as ZENO or CATO would have taken them—accidents merely, unworthy of a brave man's perturbation. Even so they would have acted in New Jersey. And doubtless almost any female Japanese would be mistress of herself though china fell.

PATENT-MEDICINE HORRORS never reached a point of deeper degradation than in the Yellow Fever troubles of the South. Mr. SAMUEL H. ADAMS, whose series of articles will begin probably in five or six weeks, will hardly have anything more startling to narrate than the incredible performance of "Peruna" in alliance with the New Orleans "Times-Democrat." This sheet has accomplished a feat of prostitution which, considering its pretence to respectability, probably sets the record. While the South is struggling to check a peril of the direst magnitude, this newspaper publishes an interview with "Dr. HARTMAN," with the familiar allegation that he "said in part," and all other devices to make it look like an important piece of news. Its headlines are: "How to Avoid Yellow Peril. An Interview with Dr. HARTMAN Concerning the Yellow Plague." To the reader this is the genuine opinion of a physician. He can not know that Dr. HARTMAN is the head of the Peruna Company, and that the "Times-Democrat," in whom the reader presumably has some trust, is selling itself and the safety of its constituents

MURDER BY ADVERTISEMENT for a bag of gold. "A summary of this interview," the "Times-Democrat" informs us, "is being spread broadcast over the United States for the benefit of Yellow Fever sufferers." The gist of it is that, while screens and other precautions are advisable, Peruna should be taken at once and continued during the whole course of the epidemic. "'I feel sure,' the Doctor went on to say (!), 'that any person following this advice is in no danger of taking Yellow Fever.'" For anybody who believes we have taken too seriously the Patent-Medicine evil and newspaper complicity therein, this unspeakable outrage should be a lesson. Is there anything to which men can not be led by money? To own a newspaper and hire it out to perilous fraud in an emergency like the Yellow Fever danger almost surpasses one's belief in human greed. No more disheartening proof of the need of the crusade which we have begun could possibly have been offered.

THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO is supposed to have a fortune not greater than a million. After twenty-five years of service this fact is sufficient to attract attention. When LI HUNG CHANG was in this country, he was talking to the wife of a man who has many times held high office in America. "How much is your husband worth?" asked Li, according to his wont. "We are not rich,"

replied his hostess. Li closed one eye solemnly and changed the subject. No such tales for him; and his scepticism suggests how much more deeply seated official corruption is in China than it is even in the United States. Russia is in this regard in a class with China. In official honesty Japan has set a standard for the world. We have at least whatever comfort sociality may give, in our contest with the money devil. He is not limited by geography, nor yet by time. The eyes of the wicked, according to the psalmist ASAPH, "stand out with fatness. They have more than heart could wish. . . . Behold these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches." And so it is to-day.

THE ROOT OF EVIL

CHRISTIAN POLITICS is discussed in this issue by a great creative artist whose reasons for anonymity seem sufficient to us as to himself. Thousands of people will be shocked by his averment; for he says that Christianity has a meaning even in the problems of daily life; even in the choice for office of good men or of bad. Who will deny the truth of what he says, and yet how many will find it really shocking to declare in audible tones that religion as a reality reaches into such a humdrum act as depositing a piece of paper at the polls? The man who wrote that article disbelieves some things which PENNYPACKER, MURPHY, and ROCKEFELLER believe, but as a citizen he has never failed to do his duty, just as if every accepted declaration of the copy-book were a truth.

STARTLING SIMPLICITY

IRONQUILL, KANSAS BARD, was returned to his native State clothed in unpopularity which was an honor, and now Mr. BRISTOW, whose insistence added seriousness to the postal fraud disclosures, is allowed to return where Kansans cease from troubling the normal pleasantness and affability of official life at Washington. As Mr. BRISTOW owns two newspapers in his famous native State, he can secure a limited amount of trouble; should he seek it, but nothing like the supply he furnished for the unwilling consumption of the winter resort by the HOME AGAIN Potomac. Mr. BRISTOW has been called a busybody. His manners are not as soothing as those of LOOMIS. Sleep in the capital will be less troubled that he is gone. He will hardly be a Senator, although it is believed that he would like to be. The other Senators do not want him, and the Kansas Legislature will be unlike most others if it selects him. He presumably will be able to attend assiduously for some time to the policies and circulation of the "Herald," of Ottawa, Kansas, and the "Daily Republican-Journal," of Salina.

THE DRINK EVIL in Great Britain is more pressing than with us, even as is its related demon, poverty. Latest figures of the Internal Revenue Bureau indicate that whiskey in the United States is giving way to beer. Drunkenness is generally held to be decreasing here, partly for that reason and partly because the treating habit, in its coarse and compulsory form, is losing ground. The amount spent for drink in Great Britain has also decreased, the sale of distilled liquors being less than half of what it was in 1899; but the change is thought by many to be due partly to hard times. At the same time pauperism has increased. In Germany the problem takes a different form. According to an American consular report, the increase in beer-drinking in Germany in twenty years has been from ten and one-half gallons per capita to thirty-two gallons and three quarts, Munich leading with the amazing figure of one hundred and ten gallons per person. Heart disease is noted as a result. In 1899-1900 recruiting officers in the army and navy rejected 8.7 and 5.7 per cent for heart disease; in 1901-2 they rejected 11.7 and 7.92 per cent. Figures have recently been collected in this country on desertion, drink leading easily as the cause. In crime it is the most familiar agent. Indeed, without drink the criminal's life would be an unattractive one even to the kind of men who lead it. Drink plays its large and almost central rôle in the uglier phases of our corrupt ward politics. Figures about drink are always more impressive than eloquence. The attitude of insurance companies speaks more strongly than any sermon or oration. The opinion of employers is the best comment on what drinking does for labor. As yet we know little of poverty as it is known abroad, with actual starvation, limitless filth, and all the degeneracy due to crowded

RAVAGES OF DRINK



and indecent living. As this sort of poverty becomes more known to us, drink, unless it decreases, will gradually seem more of the horrible menace that it appears in England.

A TRADITIONAL RIGHT has been invaded. That square mile of fresh air, in which every inhabitant of Wyoming has been accustomed to breathe and find elbow-room, is squeezed and clipped about the edges. The census of 1905 shows that 101,819 people must be crowded into Wyoming's 97,890 square miles. Wyoming is filling up. To the effete and cabined citizen of the East a square mile of empty air seems a dread immensity of space, an abundance of superfluous breath. For the freeborn denizen of the land of the Big Horn and the North Platte it is no more than enough. In 1880 there were nearly two miles of territory for each inhabitant, and in 1890 one and one-half miles.

WYOMING'S POPULATION In 1900 each man could still have more than one square mile to himself. Ever the band grows tighter. From the green reaches of Laramie County, from the Yellowstone and Powder Rivers we seem to hear the distant rumble of rising discontent. On the lonely banks of the Stinking Water the Hon. BUFFALO B. CODY stirs himself. The Only POWELL, his trusty side-partner—Next To The Last Of The Great Scouts—joins in. Their voices thunder in a dull antiphonal chorus: "Give us air!" There are two rays of hope. The 1905 census of Iowa shows a falling off of 15,785 since the Federal census five years ago. And there is always Nevada. There are over 110,000 square miles in Nevada and only about 42,000 people—almost three square miles for every man.

THE HONORABLE BIG TIM SULLIVAN is the mightiest power in Tammany save the boss, and some philosophers would make not even this exception. He is a strong man, though unsqueamish in his ways, and when he speaks there are always signs of thought. Two bits of cerebration indulged in by him, in his recent little trip abroad, seem particularly to justify this praise. "In fact," says he, "as far as I could make out, the Irish folk are beginning to object less to English rule than to

TAMMANY ABROAD the supposed Irish who rule there." This statement is perhaps exaggerated, but it reveals refreshingly a bit of useful truth. TIM's other prize sentence was as follows: "This fellow the King struck me as knowing how to be popular. If he had sat up all night thinking about the best way to do it, he couldn't have come to no better conclusion than the way he goes round being affable to everybody." Like the rest of us, EDWARD has his flaws; but this especial eulogy he deserves, and nobody is more fitted to appreciate its meaning than the strong and traveled statesman by whom it was delivered.

HORRIBLE DISASTERS are seldom missing from our enterprising press. The supply is kept up in generous degree by the railroads. The grade crossing has the distinction of being as perilous as it is avoidable, but there are plenty of devices almost as full of danger and as free from any excusing need. During the first three months of this year there were 1,787 collisions and 1,321 derailments. It is reckoned that in the State of New York, where there is a law for the gradual abolition of grade crossings, an end will come, under this beneficent legislation, when 800 years have passed and 100,000 more individuals have been slain. The block system of signalling, which is

RECORDS OF OUR RAILROADS in full force in Great Britain and several countries on the Continent, is almost universally held to be far safer than any merely human agency, and one of the principal causes of safety abroad. The quality and type of car used in America is also frequently much below what it would be under efficient supervision by the State, and there are a score of undisputed ways in which the excessive danger accompanying American railway travel could be diminished. The only obstacle is the expense to the roads, which find it cheaper to pay what they must for the lives destroyed, after fighting in the courts and compromising with relatives, who have not time, money, or evidence enough for successful legal controversy. Great Britain and Ireland, transporting over a billion passengers, outside of suburban service, to our 750,000,000, killed 25 persons in 1904 to our 4,000, and injured 769 to our 50,000. Railroads in Great Britain are not so free as they are with us to conduct their own business as they deem best.

SENECA DESCRIBES a noble of old Rome, after his bath, seating himself in his sedan chair, and requiring the assurance of a slave that he was seated. "Why should I know how to drive?" an American woman is reported to have inquired. "What are cabmen for?" Dressing one's self in some circles is almost as poor form as carrying a small bundle on Fifth Avenue, or as walking, in the wrong circumstances, without gloves, veil, or stick. Dignity and distinction are a matter of trappings and apparel. We have never been able to decide whether it was more important to have two men on the box or collars inseparable from the shirt. We shall solve that problem when we come to it. Human beings are strict about these laws of conduct, which vary with the class and longitude. Luxury tends, becoming tiresome, to seek refuge in ostentation, and finally to degenerate; and that is the serious aspect, the consideration that causes philosophers to take alarm, instead of accepting quietly the human farce. **NERO'S** mules were shod with silver.

IRONY SHOULD BE UNIVERSAL. Fairness and detachment should be its impulse. And even satire should be good-humored; for good-nature, as STEELE says, "keeps the mind in equanimity." When Mr. HENRY JAMES criticises his fellow-countrymen he fills those who listen with a vague unrest. What he says may be true, and yet it is not accepted with the cordiality due to candor. Americans feel that he does not love them, and that back of his specific allegation lies an alien spirit. Why, they wonder, in his treatment of the English, and possibly of Italians, is there always a betrayal of affection, a lurking fondness, while for us even his praise is dipped in reserve? It is as if the glamour of English society, the enchantment of Italian beauty, had never sunk into their places in the universe, and as if America, jarring her fastidious son, could do nothing that was right. He writes long articles to blame us for giving a river the name of a town, and for lacking the village squire and priest. He **A MISTAKE OF HENRY JAMES** upbraids our girls, on firm ground enough, for defects of speech; but surely, if he could be conceived as censuring English traits, he would speak of "pretty rotten," "deuced bore," "awfully jolly," "old chap," the lacking final "g," the missing "r," and the erratic inflection, in a kindlier tone. Where is his satire of snobbery, the pervading British vice? Just why does he condescend to EMERSON and praise lavishly Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD? Was an American ever overrated by Mr. JAMES? Have the English ever been under-praised by him? His talent is distinguished and undoubted, and no one questions the seriousness of his purpose. He speaks with absolute sincerity as he sees, and it is because he sees with such hostile bias that Americans can hardly be expected to take unmixed pleasure in his comments. It is this that makes us chafe: not his censure, but his reined dislike; not his severity, but the inclination of his scales.

MURDER AS A PROOF of honorable feeling in the murderer is a time-honored exhibit of human sense, of which we have spoken lately in connection with the SANFORD case. It now appears in the news that WRIGHT had a high reputation among his townsmen, and that the man who shot him in the back had been twice tried for embezzlement in public office, and had been frequently charged before the Recorder of his town with drunkenness and street brawls. This is quite the usual course for such a tale to take. The more degraded a man's whole nature the more convinced he is that his wife's soul belongs to him, and that if she shows any interest elsewhere it is his duty to exhibit his displeasure with a shotgun. There is no vice like a **HONOR** decayed virtue. The "code of honor" which fitted the middle ages is the refuge of the unfit to-day. "When the dictates of honor," said ADDISON, "are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the great deprivations of human nature;" and ADDISON's great contemporary, that most cutting of English satirists, SWIFT, observed, among other symptoms, that no man of honor, as that word was understood in the world of his time, did ever pretend that his honor obliged him to be truthful or temperate, to pay his creditors, to be useful to his country, or to endeavor to be wise. No wonder BUTLER put the seat of honor where he did.



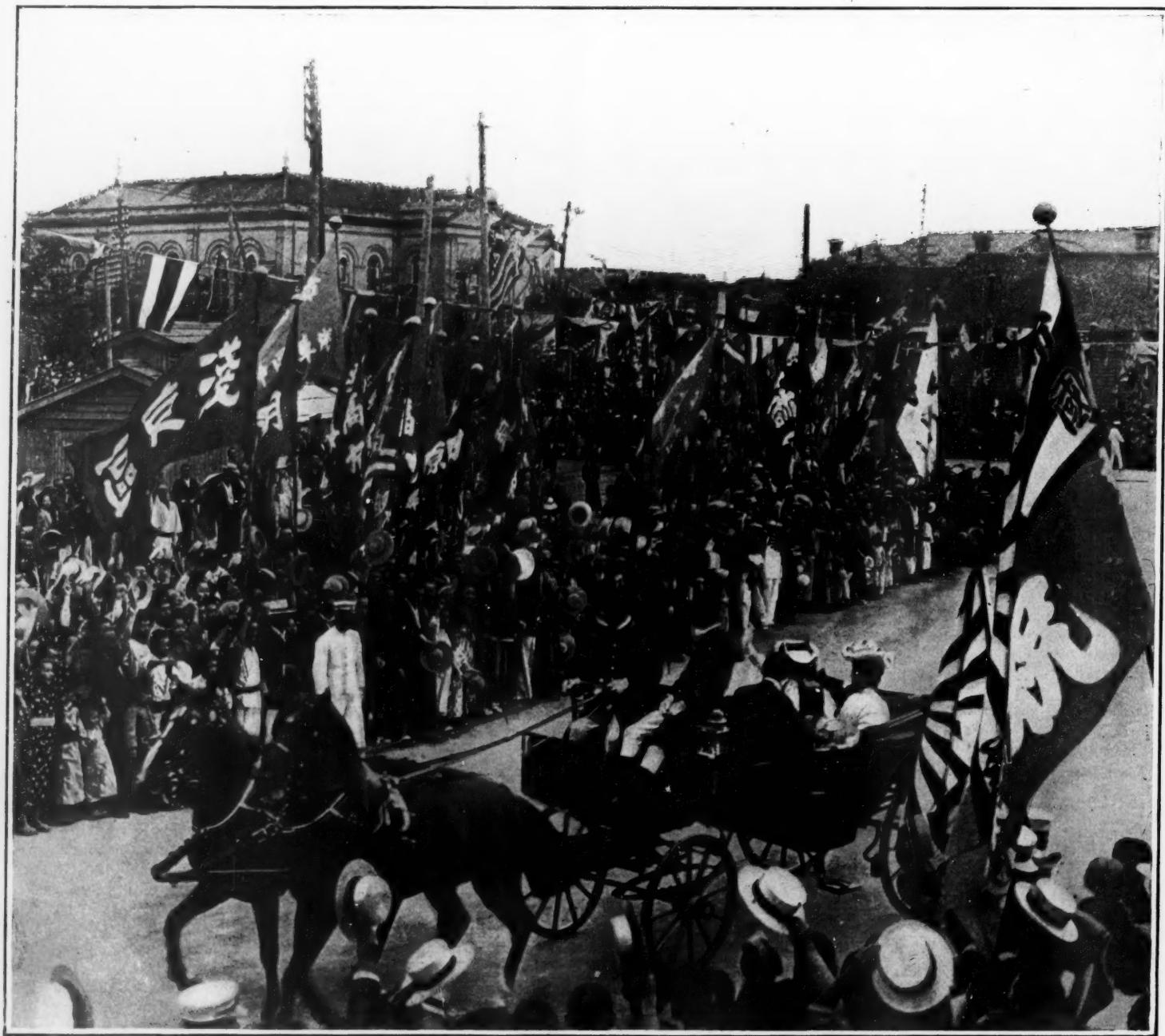
THE FIRST AIRSHIP TO SAIL OVER NEW YORK

This picture was taken in Central Park, August 20, as Roy Knabenshue, the aeronaut, started on his flight of two miles from Sixty-second Street to Forty-second Street and back. The machine was under perfect control in light airs



THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC IN LOUISIANA

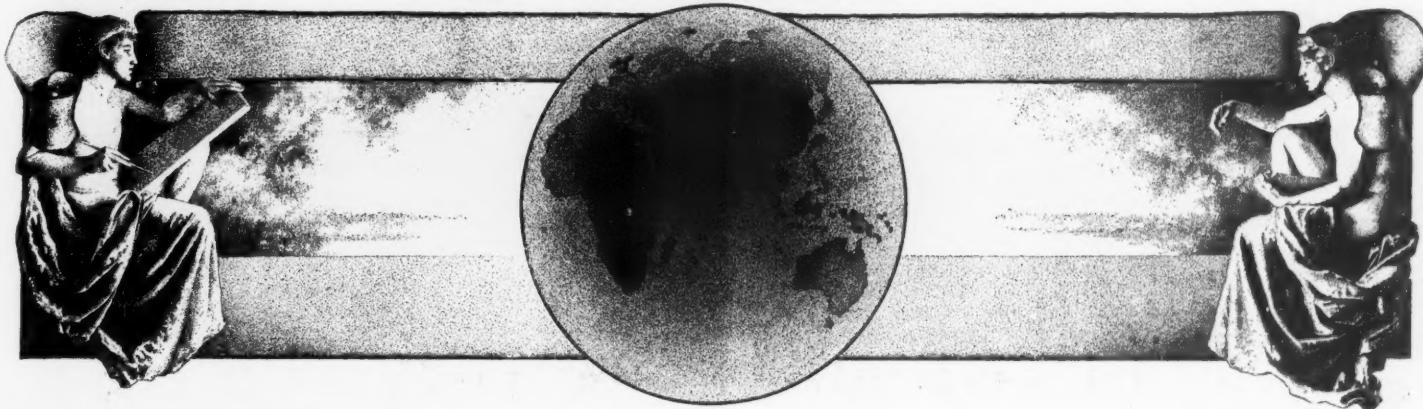
Armed guards at a quarantine outpost on the Mississippi border. This may be the last example of the state of siege created in the South by every yellow fever epidemic before people learned to fight mosquitoes instead of travelers



MISS ROOSEVELT IN TOKIO

Crowds welcoming Secretary Taft's party on their arrival at the Shimbashi station. The Japanese gave an especially enthusiastic reception to Miss Roosevelt, whom they seemed to regard as an embodied pledge of American good-will. Masses of people waved flags and shouted "Banzai!" as she passed, and it was hard for her to avoid such a response as would have increased the delicacy of the President's position as the friend and counselor of both belligerents

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



AUTOCRACY ABDICATES

ALTHOUGH the peace negotiations at Portsmouth reached a crisis on August 18, they were overshadowed in historical importance if not in popular interest by the long-delayed publication of the imperial rescript which transforms Russia from a Tartar despotism into a modern constitutional monarchy. Whether the war is to end now or last a few months longer; whether some hundreds of thousands of soldiers are to die now on the field or later in their beds, and whether some hundreds of millions of dollars are to be invested by bankers in Russian indemnity bonds or in some other securities, are important matters, but they shrink into insignificance in comparison with the lifting of the black pall of tyranny that has hung over a sixth of the land and a tenth of the people of the globe. In itself the Czar's decree may not seem to embody so profound a revolution. It is cautious, conservative, safeguarding autocratic power and curbing popular aspirations in every possible way. But nevertheless it does create a Parliament, and once set going, *fa ira*.

RUSSIA'S FIRST PARLIAMENT

THE CZAR'S EDICT declares that "the Empire of Russia is formed and strengthened by the indestructible solidarity of the Emperor with the people, and of the people with the Emperor." To promote this solidarity, in accordance with the good intentions of the autocratic Emperors, his ancestors, Nicholas II now proposes "to summon elected representatives from the whole of Russia to take constant and active part in the elaboration of the laws, thereby attaching to the higher State institutions a special consultative body to which is intrusted the preliminary elaboration and discussion of measures and examination of the State budget." This "Gosudarstvennaia Douma," or Lower House of Assembly, is to be composed of delegates from fifty governments, and from the military province of the Don, Finland, Poland, and other exceptional regions being reserved for special treatment. The members are to have inviolability of person, except by judicial process, and free speech on all matters within their competence. The Douma is to have the right to consider proposed changes in the laws, appointments to the staffs of the ministries, the financial budgets, the disposition of State property, the construction of State railways, the organization of stock companies by special acts, and any other matters submitted by imperial decree. The fundamental laws of the imperial administration are not to be touched. Questions to be discussed by the Douma are to be submitted by the ministers, chiefs of departments and secretary of the Empire. Bills passed by the Douma are to go to the Council of the Empire, and if approved by that body are to be submitted to the Emperor. Disagreements are to be settled by a joint commission. The members of the Douma are to be elected by a very limited suffrage, based on a high property qualification, and except in twenty-six towns the elections are to be indirect, through colleges of electors chosen by the land-owners, the voters in the cities, and the delegates of the peasants. The term of office is to be five years, but the Emperor may dissolve the

Douma and order new elections at any time. The meetings are not to be open to the public, but the proceedings in the ordinary sessions may be reported in the press, as well as by official stenographers. The new body is to meet not later than January, and then dumb Russia will become articulate.

THE PRESIDENT INTERVENES

IN THE SECOND week of the peace conference at Portsmouth, the plenipotentiaries covered the whole ground as far as their powers extended. By Friday, August 18, they had discussed each of the twelve Japanese demands and disposed of them all in one way or another. On eight points the Japanese conditions were accepted. Russia agreed to Japan's predominance in Korea, the evacuation of Manchuria, the restoration of that province to China, the recognition of China's administrative



THE LATE VICEROY OF INDIA

Baron Curzon of Kedleston, who resigned the Viceroyalty of India because the British Government overruled his protest against Lord Kitchener's scheme for the reorganization of the Indian army

entity, the surrender of the leases of Port Arthur and Dalny, the surrender to Japan of the Chinese Eastern Railway from Harbin to Port Arthur, and the grant to the Japanese of fishing rights on the

coast of Siberia. In other words, she yielded all, and much more than all, the claims for which Japan had gone to war. Naturally, also, she accepted Japan's offer to confirm the Russian lease of the Trans-Siberian Railroad across Manchuria, from Harbin to Vladivostok. On four points the negotiators had to record a disagreement. They could not come to terms on the questions of an indemnity, the cession of Sakhalin, the forfeiture to Japan of the interned Russian warships, or the limitation

of Russia's naval forces in the Pacific. Of these the most stubborn obstacle was the indemnity. Unable to make the least progress toward its removal, the conference adjourned from the 18th to the 22d, in the faint hope that something might turn up. The idea was that Tokio or St. Petersburg might relent, but the first break in the clouds came at Oyster Bay. After a call from Baron Kaneko, the President sent an urgent message to M. de Witte, requesting the presence of one of the Russian envoys at Sagamore Hill. Baron de Rosen accordingly hastened to Oyster Bay on the 19th, and held a long interview with Mr. Roosevelt. This was followed on the 21st by the return of Baron Kaneko. The negotiations were transferred for the time from Portsmouth to the village on the Sound, whence messages went to all the powers of the world converging their pressure on the combatants on behalf of peace. The President's interference was a forlorn hope, undertaken in view of the imminent failure of the conference on the bare chance that the combatants might concede to a friend of both what they would not concede to each other.

CURZON CROWDED OUT BY KITCHENER

INDIA HAS PROVED too small to hold Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener at the same time. Kitchener was made Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army, and told to reform its notorious defects. He took his contract literally, and proceeded to draw up a scheme of reorganization in ruthless disregard of the susceptibilities of the Indian Government. Lord Curzon, as Viceroy, had a high sense of the dignity of his own position, and felt that all the threads of authority in India should centre in him. He protested against the Kitchener plan of reorganizing the army over his head, and when the home Government sustained Kitchener he resigned. He was persuaded to withhold his resignation for a time, but when he saw that the decision in favor of Kitchener was final he insisted upon leaving office, declaring that the policy of the Government was based on principles that he "could not conscientiously carry into execution." Mr. Balfour announced the acceptance of his resignation on August 21 with expressions of profound regret, and Earl Minto, late Governor-General of Canada, was appointed to succeed him. The natives now regard Kitchener as the real viceroy.

LAUNCHING THE DUAL TARIFF SCHEME

THE NATIONAL RECIPROCITY Conference, which met at Chicago on August 16 and 17, struck out a new line in American tariff policy. For the first time it placed definitely before the country the idea of reciprocity by means of maximum and

Cornwall

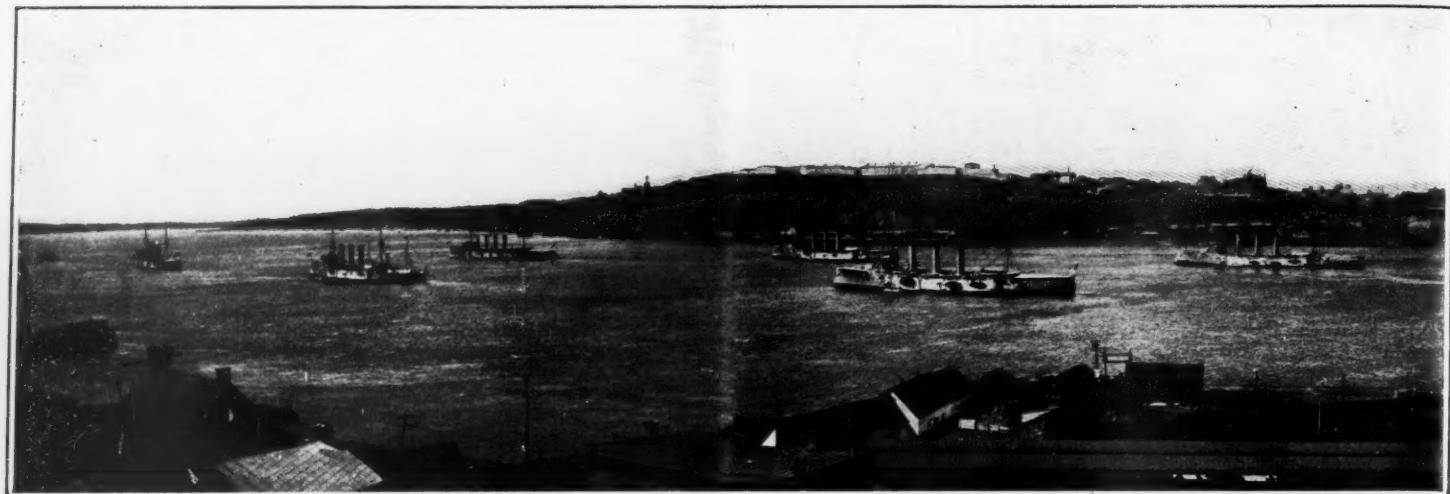
Emex

Drake (flagship)

Belford

Cumberland

Berwick



MESSENGERS OF GOOD-WILL FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA

The British Second Cruiser Squadron, under Rear-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, at Quebec, conveying British greetings, first to Canada and then to the United States

minimum tariffs. The scheme had been in the air for some little time, and various public men, both high protectionists and tariff reformers, had expressed the opinion that it offered the only practicable means of putting our trade relations with other countries on a satisfactory basis. But it remained for the Chicago gathering to crystallize this vague sentiment into a definite programme. It makes all the difference in the world, of course, whether the dual tariff system be applied upward or downward. Even such a consistent trade prohibitionist as Secretary Shaw has favored the principle, but he would give our commercial friends the Dingley tariff as a minimum and club our enemies with an impossible maximum. The Reciprocity Conference is in favor of high and lower tariffs, not of high and higher.

RECIPROCITY AGGRESSIVE

THE ADMINISTRATION, intimidated by the threats of the stand-patters, treated the Reciprocity Conference with cold disapproval. But its promoters were not dismayed. Stern necessity had driven them to action. They represented business interests that saw themselves threatened with blight unless they could have access to the world's markets. Governor Cummins, of Iowa, took command of the movement in a daring speech in which, heedless of the penalties of *lèse-majesté*, he said:

"Reciprocity has been damned with faint praise and with false friends long enough. The time has come to unmask so that the people may know who stand for and who stand against this doctrine. . . . Let us fight it out before the people. If we lose, let us abandon the attempt; and if we win, let those who are skulking in the shadows of concealment retire to the places that are appropriate for cowards and traitors to the policies of our Government."

The convention adopted a platform introduced by Mr. Foss, the chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, in which it demanded "immediate reciprocal concessions by means of a dual or maximum and minimum tariff," and proposed the creation of a permanent tariff commission of "economic, industrial and commercial experts" to arrange the details. It expressed the opinion that our present tariff afforded "abundant opportunity for such concessions without injury to industry, trade, or the wages of labor," thereby plainly indicating that it considered the Dingley law a suitable maximum and not a minimum tariff, as Secretary Shaw would have it. The platform further recommended the formation of a permanent organization, to be called "the American Reciprocal Tariff League," and the appointment of a committee of fifteen to initiate the work. The convention represented over two hundred agricultural, commercial and industrial associations; it was

chiefly composed of and entirely managed by protectionists, and its conclusions, especially if followed up by energetic action, can hardly fail to have influence at Washington.

AMERICA'S CANADA CUP

THE RACES ON Lake Ontario for the Canada Cup have afforded more real sport than the America's Cup processions on the Atlantic, for they have always furnished a genuine fight. Last year the Rochester Yacht Club captured the trophy from its Canadian holders with *Irondequoit*, and now for the first time a counter attack has failed. The Canadians sent the Fife boat *Temeraire* to win back the cup, and the Americans chose the *Iroquois*, designed by C. F. Herreshoff, to defend it. *Iroquois* won the first race, *Temeraire* the next two, and *Iroquois* the two following, making three out of five. Luckily for the defenders, the wind on three days out of five was light. Although the Lakes are a common field for Canadians and Americans, with the same kind of weather for each, Fife had planned his boat as if she were to race in the English Channel, and Herreshoff his as if the course were off Sandy Hook. The result was that *Temeraire* had everything her own way in high winds, and *Iroquois* in light airs, and the result depended upon the chances of the weather.

ISTHMIAN FINANCES

AS DISQUIETING reports had been coming from Panama about the impoverishment of the Isthmian Canal Commission through the exhaustion of its appropriation, Chairman Shonts has issued a statement showing the exact financial condition of the work. It appears that when the present commission took office on April 1, 1905, there remained \$7,426,568 of the original appropriation of \$10,000,000. Since then the expenditures have been gradually rising, amounting to

\$475,000 in April, \$503,000 in May, \$659,000 in June, and \$770,000 in July, besides \$1,300,000 for two ships. In August, to the 15th, the expenses were \$250,000, leaving \$2,816,715 on hand on that date, not counting a million in the hands of disbursing officers. Mr. Shonts estimates that this amount will last until early in January, or rather he has issued orders to make it last, which involves a sharp reversal of the recent progressive increase in expenditures. On the most favorable theory it is clear that Congress will have to make an emergency appropriation in the very first days of the session, unless all work is to stop and the Canal zone to be abandoned to mosquitoes, malaria, and yellow fever. The Spooner Act authorizes \$135,000,000 of bonds, but it is desired to postpone their issue as long as possible, and indeed there seems no reason why the whole cost of building the Canal should not be met out of current revenues without any increase in the national debt.

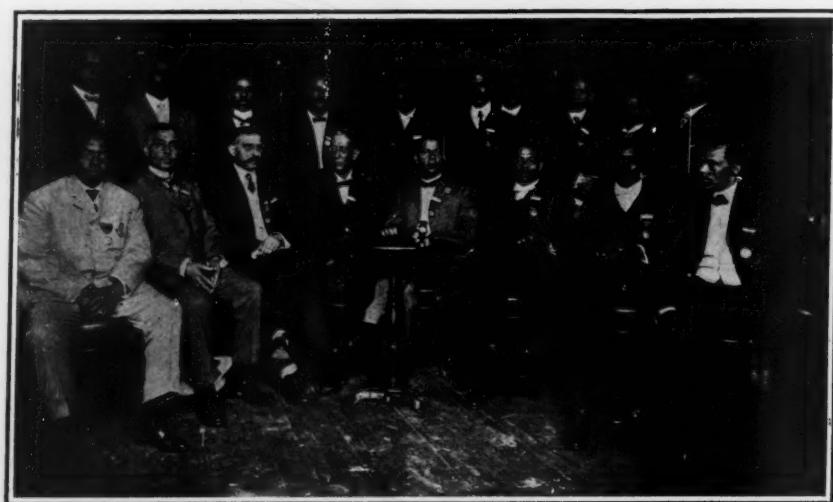
NATIONAL CONTROL OF INSURANCE

THE GREAT INSURANCE companies have decided that they would rather deal with one public regulating authority than with forty-five. President Roosevelt is also a believer in national control of insurance, if it can be constitutionally effected. Accordingly Senator Dryden, of New Jersey, President of the Prudential, and Mr. J. M. Beck, counsel for the Mutual Life, had a talk with the President at Oyster Bay on August 16, and after the conference the Senator announced that he would re-introduce the bill he introduced last winter providing for the supervision of insurance by the Bureau of Corporations of the Department of Commerce and Labor. The Supreme Court has held that the insurance business, even when it crosses State lines, is not interstate commerce, but Senator Dryden is confident that this little matter can

be arranged. What he has not explained, however, is how a Senator, who is also president of an insurance company, can introduce and vote for a bill profoundly affecting his private business, and still remain on friendly terms with that rule of the Senate which forbids a member of that body to vote on a matter in which he is personally interested.

THAT ALIEN PERIL

DETAILED STATISTICS about the enormous immigration of the fiscal year 1905 disclose certain facts which tend to mitigate the alarming impression produced by the bald statement that over a million aliens entered the United States in that time. It appears that, of that million, over seven-tenths were males and less than three-tenths

Booker T. Washington
SELF-HELP FOR THE BLACK RACE

Executive Committee of the National Negro Business League, which met at New York, August 16, 17, and 18, Booker T. Washington presiding. Four hundred colored business men discussed subjects that ranged from "Modern Barbering" to "The Banking Idea"

females. That means that in the majority of cases the foreign stocks can not be perpetuated in their original form. Of the 725,819 foreign males who have entered our ports in the past year there must be at least 424,217 who can find no mates among the female immigrants of the same year, nor can they find any among the immigrants of any other year, for the proportions of the sexes arriving are constant. They must marry American women or contribute nothing to the growth of our population. This condition is especially marked among those classes of immigrants labeled by alarmists as "undesirable." Austria-Hungary has sent us 75,693 people in the past year, but 197,557 of them are males and only 78,136 females, and these are divided among a dozen different races. From Italy, the proportions are 182,718 to 38,761, and from Russia 127,871 to 57,026. The United Kingdom is sending us more of the material of families than Russia and nearly twice as much as Italy, saying nothing of the fact that there is always a stream of departing Italians to balance the arrivals. Furthermore, the 1,027,041 immigrants of all races include over a hundred thousand children under fourteen, who will grow up in an American atmosphere, and over fifty thousand people over forty-five, who will not count in forming the next generation. There are other deductions to be made from the imposing total, and by the time the final residuum is reached the possible effect of any single strain of foreign blood upon the American stock ceases to look dangerous.

THE PRESIDENT RETREATS

AFTER PROGRESSIVELY postponing his promised extra session of Congress from spring to summer, from summer to September, from September to October and from October to November, President Roosevelt has finally decided to dispense with it altogether. On August 15 Secretary Taft read to the Congressional exploring party on the transport *Logan* a cable message in which the President said: "I am of opinion that an extra session will be unnecessary." The Senators and Representatives applauded. There will be no occasion now to do anything about the tariff or the corporations until January, and the "stand-patters" in both fields are confident that they can prevent any action then. Having won a preliminary victory over the President, they regard Congress as "easy."

AFTER PRIVATE CAR MONOPOLIES

NOTWITHSTANDING THE snubs it received from the President in connection with the attempted prosecution of Paul Morton, the Interstate Commerce Commission persists in its attempts to bring the railroads and their affiliated corporations under the laws. On August 15, it filed complaints against the Armour Car Line, the American Refrigerator Transportation Company, the Santa Fe Refrigerator Dispatch, and nine railways, charging rebates and other discriminations on shipments of fruits and vegetables from the South and the Pacific Coast to Eastern points. The chief object of this action is to reach the notorious abuses of the private car lines, such as the use of pretended "icing charges," as a means of oppressing independent shippers who try to compete with the trusts. The railroads have maintained that they are not responsible for the misdeeds of their wicked partners, the car lines, and the car lines have professed to be outside the law. But the Interstate Commerce Commission holds that the two classes of corporations are united in a community of interest, and that the private car lines are the authorized agents of the railroads in collecting discriminating charges from

different shippers. The present action will either reach the hitherto inaccessible refrigerator cars, or it will show how the laws need to be amended.

NO MORE BOUNTIES FOR CANADIAN RAILS

ALTHOUGH IN THE matter of the height of import duties protection in the United States leads the world, the policy of using the powers of government for the profit of home capital-

makers, who fear that it may seriously affect their business. It is estimated that the iron and steel bounties have cost the Canadian taxpayers in all about \$5,000,000, a great part of which has gone into the pockets of American capitalists, who would not have been able to obtain such easy access even to the hospitable treasury of the United States. If the Canadian bounty system had prevailed south of the border, the American Government would have had to pay the Steel Trust and its business colleagues over \$80,000,000 a year, with an incalculable number of millions more in prospect.

HOPE DEFERRED

SECRETARY TAFT'S TOUR of the Philippines has been a disappointment to those Filipinos who thought that his undoubted friendship for them meant encouragement for their wish for immediate independence. In the round of festivities with which he has been welcomed he has lost no opportunity of emphasizing his belief that no Filipino now living would ever see any flag but that of the United States flying over the islands. He pledged his word that in the absence of insurrection there would be a popular assembly in 1907, but he repeatedly asserted that it would take generations to prepare the people for complete self-government. The United States, he declared with some asperity, "would not tolerate interference" with

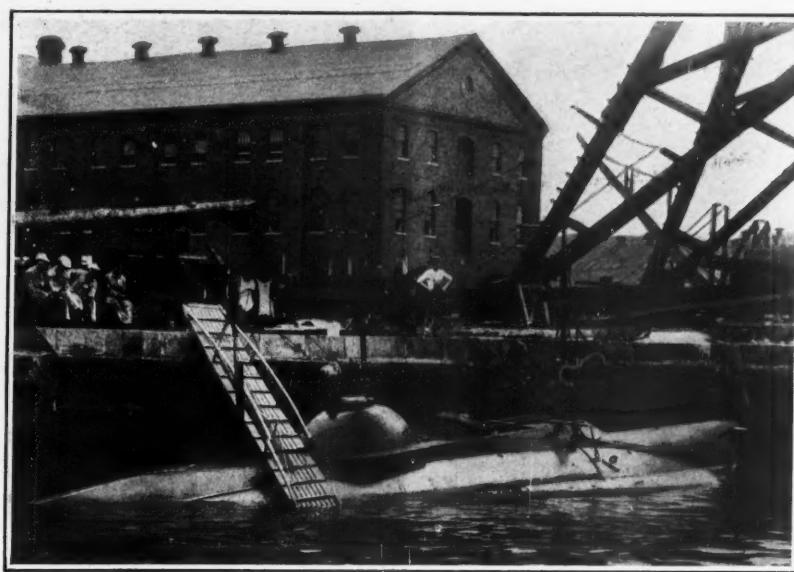
its policy of carrying on that slow preparation. This last observation was elicited at one of the meetings at Iloilo, on August 16, by two Visayans, who asked for a promise of early self-government followed by independence. On the same occasion Senator Scott, of West Virginia, contributed the prediction that the American flag would protect the Philippines for at least fifty or a hundred years. His remarks, the despatches say, were greeted with enthusiastic applause, whether from politeness or from agreement with the sentiments expressed does not appear.

MORE NAVAL LOVE FEASTS

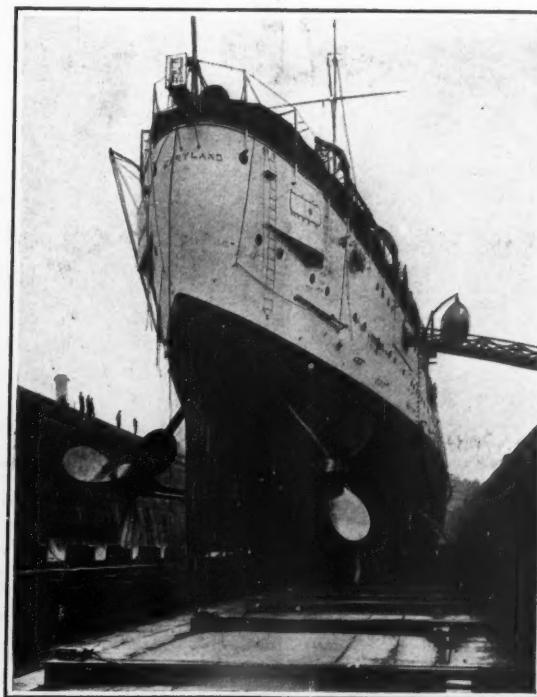
AFTER THE VISIT of an American squadron to Cherbourg, of a British squadron to Brest, and of a French squadron to Portsmouth, Canada has been treated to a share in the popular diversion of love-making by warships. The British Second Cruiser Squadron of six ships, under the command of Rear-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, sailed up the St. Lawrence and anchored before Quebec on August 11. The succeeding days were a dream of social rapture. For the ball given by the Provincial Government at the Parliament House of Quebec, on the evening of the 15th, the list of 2,900 invitations was said to include every person of prominence in Canadian life. This was only one of a long series of festivities. A similar welcome has been planned in every part of Canada included in the illustrious visitor's itinerary, after which the Prince, if he survives, is to proceed with his joy-bearing fleet to cement the *entente cordiale* with the United States.

SPOILSMEN WAKING UP

THE DAZED PHILADELPHIA Councils are beginning to recover consciousness and show signs of returning temper. Select Council adopted a resolution on August 17 providing for the appointment of a committee to investigate the causes of all removals of city officials within the past three months—that is to say, since the beginning of Mayor Weaver's orgy of reform. They want to know whether the men were dismissed for "political reasons," and if so they propose to hold somebody accountable. "Political reasons" in Philadelphia mean reasons connected with personal honesty.



THE SUBMARINE BOAT "PLUNGER," ORDERED TO OYSTER BAY BY THE PRESIDENT



TESTING A NEW NAVAL DRY DOCK

On August 12 the great armored cruiser "Maryland," of 15,138 tons full load displacement, was docked at the Boston Navy Yard, in the new stone dock, which is founded in solid rock, and, in naval opinion, "should endure for all time."

ought to be able to worry along on a tariff protection of \$7 per ton, a bounty of from \$1.10 to \$1.65 per ton on their pig iron, and another of the same amount on their steel ingots, without an additional bounty of \$3 per ton on their finished rails. The Order in Council abolishing the supplementary bounty has created consternation among the rail-

THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN SESSION AT PORTSMOUTH

GEORGES PLANCON, *Secretary*

CONSTANTINE NABAKOFF, *Secretary*

SERGIUS DE WITTE, *Plenipotentiary*

BARON DE



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IN THE HISTORY-MAKING NEGOTIATIONS WHICH BEGAN AT PORTSMOUTH AUGUST 1, 1905, THERE WERE 12 AMERICAN AND 12 BRITISH DELEGATES, 12 SECRETARIES AND INTERPRETERS. THE JAPANESE WISHED TO HAVE THE NEGOTIATIONS CONDUCTED IN JAPANESE, AND THE AMERICANS WANTED THEM IN FRENCH, BUT IT WAS FINALLY SETTLED THAT ANYBODY COULD TALK ANYTHING HE WANTED TO.

September 2 1905

SIDE AT THE PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD

BARON DE

IVAN KOROSTOVETZ, *Secretary*

AINO SATO, *Secretary and Press Agent*



ACHI, *Secretary*

OITCHIAI, *Secretary*

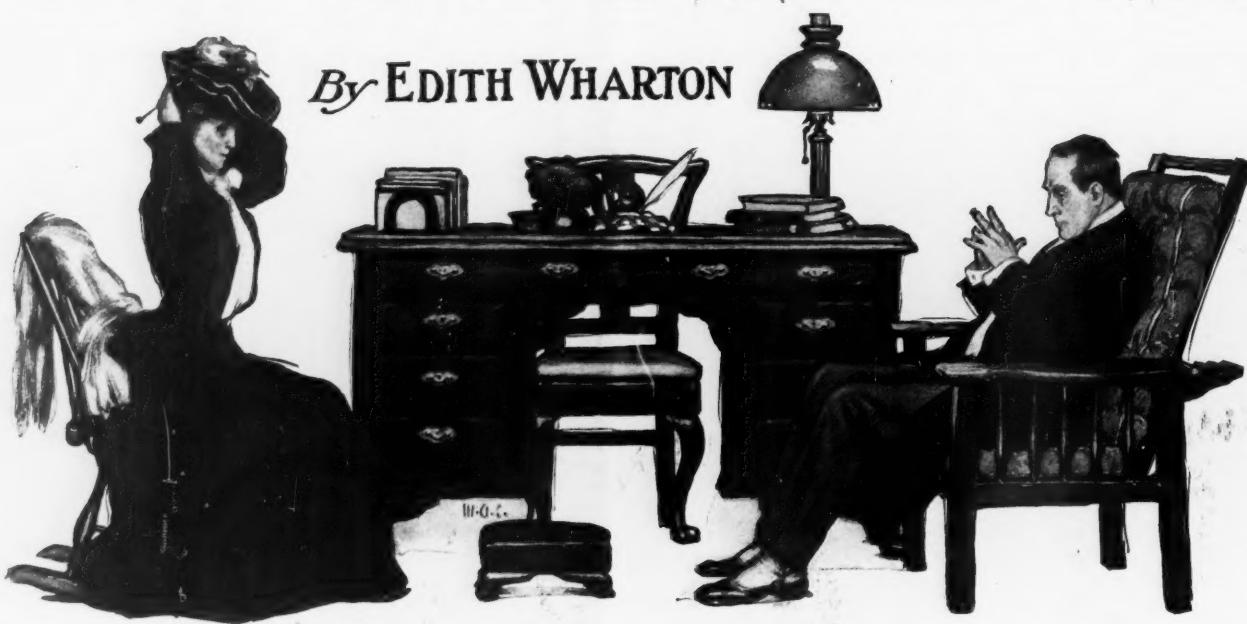
BARON KOMURA, *Plenipotentiary*

KOGORO TAKAHIRA, *Plenipotentiary*

MOU AUGUST 9 EACH SIDE WAS REPRESENTED BY TWO PLENIPOTENTIARIES
SHE HAVE THE PROCEEDINGS CONDUCTED IN ENGLISH AND THE RUSSIANS
D TO ANY LANGUAGE HE PLEASSED AND HAVE HIS REMARKS TRANSLATED

The BEST MAN

By EDITH WHARTON



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

*This story was one of the leading contributions to *COLLIER'S* Short Story Contest. Although it failed to take a prize, it was one of the nine manuscripts considered in the determination of the final award. Senator Lodge, one of the judges, said of it: "In my opinion, 'The Best Man' was by far the best story offered, and I would have given it first place"*

DUSK had fallen, and the circle of light shed by the lamp on Governor Mornway's writing-table just rescued from the surrounding dimness his own imposing bulk, thrown back in a deep chair in the lounging attitude habitual to him at that hour.

When the Governor of Midsylvania rested he rested completely. Five minutes earlier he had been bowed over his office desk, an Atlas with the State on his shoulders; now, his working hours over, he had the air of a man who has spent his day in desultory pleasure, and means to end it in the enjoyment of a good dinner. This freedom from care threw into relief the hovering fidgetiness of his sister, Mrs. Nimick, who, just outside the circle of lamplight, haunted the warm gloom of the hearth, from which the wood fire now and then shot up an exploring flash into her face.

Mrs. Nimick's presence did not usually minister to repose; but the Governor's serenity was too deep to be easily disturbed, and he felt the calmness of a man who knows there is a mosquito in the room, but has drawn the netting close about his head. This calmness reflected itself in the accent with which he said, throwing himself back to smile up at his sister: "You know I am not going to make any appointments for a week."

It was the day after the great reform victory which had put John Mornway for the second time at the head of his State, a triumph compared with which even the mighty battle of his first election sank into insignificance, and he leaned back with the sense of unsatisfactory placidity which follows upon successful effort.

Mrs. Nimick murmured an apology. "I didn't understand—I saw in this morning's papers that the Attorney-General was reappointed."

"Oh, Fleetwood—his reappointment was involved in the campaign. He's one of the principles I represent!"

Mrs. Nimick smiled a little tartly. "It seems odd to some people to think of Mr. Fleetwood in connection with principles."

The Governor's smile had no answering acerbity; the mention of his Attorney-General's name had set his blood humming with the thrill of the fight, and he wondered how it was that Fleetwood had not already been in to clasp hands with him over their triumph.

"No," he said, good-humoredly, "two years ago Fleetwood's name didn't stand for principles of any sort; but I believed in him, and look what he's done for me! I thought he was too big a man not to see in time that statesmanship is a finer thing than practical politics, and now that I've given him a chance to make the discovery, he's on the way to becoming just such a statesman as the country needs."

"Oh, it's a great deal easier and pleasanter to believe in people," replied Mrs. Nimick, in a tone full of occult allusion, "and, of course, we all knew that Mr. Fleetwood would have a hearing before any one else."

The Governor took this imperturbably. "Well, at any rate, he isn't going to fill all the offices in the State; there will probably be one or two to spare after he has helped himself, and when the time comes I'll think over your man, I'll consider him."

Mrs. Nimick brightened. "It would make such a difference to Jack—it might mean anything to the poor boy to have Mr. Ashford appointed!"

The Governor held up a warning hand.

"Oh, I know, one mustn't say that, or at least you mustn't listen. You're so dreadfully afraid of nepotism. But I'm not asking for anything for Jack—I have never asked for a crust for any of us, thank Heaven!"

No one can point to me—" Mrs. Nimick checked herself suddenly and continued in a more impersonal tone: "But there's no harm, surely, in my saying a word for Mr. Ashford, when I know that he's actually under consideration, and I don't see why the fact that Jack is in his office should prevent my speaking."

"On the contrary," said the Governor, "it implies, on your part, a personal knowledge of Mr. Ashford's qualifications which may be of great help to me in reaching a decision."

Mrs. Nimick never quite knew how to meet him when he took that tone, and the flickering fire made her face for a moment the picture of uncertainty; then at all hazards she launched out: "Well, I have Ella's promise, at any rate."

The Governor sat upright. "Ella's promise?"

"To back me up. She thoroughly approves of him!"

The Governor smiled. "You talk as if Ella had a political *salon* and distributed *lettres de cachet*! I'm glad she approves of Ashford; but if you think my wife makes my appointments for me—" He broke off with a laugh at the superfluity of such a protest.

Mrs. Nimick reddened. "One never knows how you will take the simplest thing. What harm is there in my saying that Ella approves of Mr. Ashford? I thought you liked her to take an interest in your work."

"I like it immensely. But I shouldn't care to have it take that form."

"What form?"

"That of promising to use her influence to get people appointed. But you always talk of politics in the vocabulary of European courts. Thank Heaven, Ella has less imagination. She has her sympathies, of course, but she doesn't think they can affect the distribution of offices."

Mrs. Nimick gathered up her furs with an air at once crestfallen and resentful. "I'm sorry—I always seem to say the wrong thing. I'm sure I came with the best intentions—it's natural that your sister should want to be with you at such a happy moment."

"Of course, it is, my dear!" exclaimed the Governor genially, as he rose to grasp the hands with which she was nervously adjusting her wraps.

Mrs. Nimick, who lived a little way out of town, and whose visits to her brother were apparently achieved at the cost of immense effort and mysterious complications, had come to congratulate him on his victory, and to sound him regarding the nomination to a coveted post of the lawyer in whose firm her eldest son was a clerk. In the urgency of the latter errand she had rather lost sight of the former, but her face softened as the Governor, keeping both her hands in his, said in the voice which always seemed to put the most generous interpretation on her motives: "I was sure you would be one of the first to give me your blessing."

"Oh, your success—no one feels it more than I do!" sighed Mrs. Nimick, always at home in the emotional key. "I keep in the background, I make no noise, I claim no credit, but whatever happens, no one shall ever prevent my rejoicing in my brother's success!"

Mrs. Nimick's felicitations were always couched in the conditional, with a side-glance at dark contingencies, and the Governor, smiling at the familiar construction, returned cheerfully: "I don't see why any one should want to deprive you of that privilege."

"They couldn't—they couldn't!" Mrs. Nimick heroically affirmed.

"Well, I'm in the saddle for another two years at any rate, so you had better put in all the rejoicing you can."

"Whatever happens—whatever happens!" cried Mrs. Nimick, melting on his bosom.

"The only thing likely to happen at present is that you will miss your train if I let you go on saying nice things to me much longer."

Mrs. Nimick at this dried her eyes, renewed her clutch on her draperies, and stood glancing sentimentally about the room while her brother rang for the carriage.

"I take away a lovely picture of you," she murmured. "It's wonderful what you've made of this hideous house."

"Ah, not I, but Ella—there she does reign undisputed," he acknowledged, following her glance about the library, which wore an air of permanent habitation, of slowly formed intimacy with its inmates, in marked contrast to the gaudy impersonality of the usual executive apartment.

"Oh, she's wonderful, quite wonderful. I see she has got those imported damask curtains she was looking at the other day at Fielding's. When I am asked how she does it all, I always say it's beyond me!" Mrs. Nimick murmured.

"It's an art like another," smiled the Governor. "Ella has been used to living in tents and she has the knack of giving them a wonderful look of permanence."

"She certainly makes the most extraordinary bargains—all the knack in the world won't take the place of such curtains and carpets."

"Are they good? I'm glad to hear it. But all the good curtains and carpets won't make a house comfortable to live in. There's where the knack comes in you see."

He recalled with a shudder the lean Congressional years—the years before his marriage—when Mrs. Nimick had lived with him in Washington, and the daily struggle in the House had been combined with domestic conflicts almost equally recurrent. The offer of a foreign mission, though disconnecting him from active politics, had the advantage of freeing him from his sister's tutelage, and in Europe, where he remained for two years, he had met the lady who was to become his wife. Mrs. Renfield was the widow of one of the diplomats who languish in perpetual first secretaryship at our various embassies. Her life had given her ease without triviality, and a sense of the importance of politics seldom found in ladies of her nationality. She regarded public life as the noblest and most engrossing of careers, and combined with great social versatility an equal gift for reading blue-books and studying debates. So sincere was the latter taste that she passed without regret from the amenities of a European life well stocked with picturesque intimacies to the rawness of the Midsylvanian capital. She helped Mornway in his fight for the Governorship as a man likes to be helped by a woman—by her tact, her good looks, her memory for faces, her knack of saying the right thing to the right person, and her capacity for obscure hard work in the background of his public activity. But, above all, she helped him in making his private life smooth and harmonious. For a man careless of personal ease, Mornway was singularly alive to the domestic amenities. Attentive service, well-ordered dinners, brightly burning fires, and a scent of flowers in the house—these material details, which had

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come to seem the extension of his wife's personality, the inevitable result of her nearness, were as agreeable to him after five years of marriage as in the first surprise of his introduction to them. Mrs. Nimick had kept house jerkily and vociferously; Ella performed the same task silently and imperceptibly, and the results were all in favor of the latter method. Though neither the Governor nor his wife had large means, the household, under Mrs. Mornway's guidance, took on an air of sober luxury as agreeable to her husband as it was exasperating to her sister-in-law. The domestic machinery ran without a jar. There were no upheavals, no debts, no squalid cookless hiatuses between intervals of showy hospitality; the household moved along on lines of quiet elegance and comfort, behind which only the eye of the housekeeping sex could have detected a gradually increasing scale of expense.

Such an eye was now projected on the Governor's surroundings, and its explorations were summed up in the tone in which Mrs. Nimick repeated from the threshold: "I always say I don't see how she does it!"

The tone did not escape the Governor, but it disturbed him no more than the buzz of a baffled insect. Poor Grace! It was not his fault if her husband was given to chimerical investments, if her sons were "unsatisfactory," and her cooks would not stay with her; but it was natural that these facts should throw into irritating contrast the ease and harmony of his own domestic life. It made him all the sorrier for his sister to know that her envy did not penetrate to the essence of his happiness, but lingered on those external signs of well-being which counted for so little in the sum total of his advantages. Poor Mrs. Nimick's life seemed doubly thin and mean when one remembered that, beneath its shabby surface, there were no compensating riches of the spirit.

II

IT was the custodian of his own hidden treasure who at this moment broke in upon his musings. Mrs. Mornway, fresh from her afternoon walk, entered the room with that air of ease and lightness which seemed to diffuse a social warmth about her; fine, slender, pliant, so polished and modeled by an intelligent experience of life that youth seemed clumsy in her presence. She looked down at her husband and shook her head.

"You promised to keep the afternoon to yourself, and I hear Grace has been here."

"Poor Grace—she didn't stay long, and I should have been a brute not to see her."

He leaned back, filling his gaze to the brim with her charming image, which obliterated at a stroke the fretful ghost of Mrs. Nimick.

"She came to congratulate you, I suppose?"

"Yes, and to ask me to do something for Ashford."

"Ah—on account of Jack. What does she want for him?"

The Governor laughed. "She said you were in her confidence—that you were backing her up. She seemed to think your support would ensure her success."

Mrs. Mornway smiled; her smile, always full of delicate implications, seemed to caress her husband while it gently mocked his sister.

"Poor Grace! I suppose you undeceived her."

"As to your influence? I told her it was paramount where it ought to be."

"And where is that?"

"In the choice of carpets and curtains. It seems ours are almost too good."

"Thanks for the compliment! Too good for what?"

"Our station in life, I suppose. At least they seemed to bother Grace."

"Poor Grace! I've always both-ered her." She paused, removing her gloves reflectively and laying her long fine hands on his shoulders as she stood behind him. "Then you don't believe in Ashford?"

Feeling his slight start, she drew away her hands and raised them to detach her veil.

"What makes you think I don't believe in Ashford?" he asked.

"I asked out of curiosity. I wondered whether you had decided anything."

"No, and I don't mean to for a week. I'm dead beat, and I want to bring a fresh mind to the question. There is hardly one appointment I'm sure of except, of course, Fleetwood's."

She turned away from him, smoothing her hair in the mirror above the mantelpiece. "You're sure of that?" she asked after a moment.

"Of George Fleetwood? And poor Grace thinks you are deep in my counsels! I am as sure of re-appointing Fleetwood as I am that I have just been re-elected myself. I've never made any secret of the fact that if they wanted me back they must have him, too."

"You are tremendously generous!" she murmured.

"Generous? What a strange word to use! Fleetwood is my trump card—the one man I can count on to carry out my ideas through thick and thin."

She mused on this, smiling a little. "That's why I call you generous—when I remember how you disliked him two years ago!"

"What of that? I was prejudiced against him, I own; or rather, I had a just distrust of a man with such a past. But how splendidly he's wiped it out! What a record he has written on the new leaf he promised to turn over if I gave him the chance! Do you know?" The Governor interrupted himself with a pleasantly reminiscent laugh, "I was rather annoyed with Grace when she hinted that you had promised to back up Ashford—I told her you didn't aspire to distribute patronage. But she might have reminded me—if she'd known—that it was you who persuaded me to give Fleetwood that chance."

Mrs. Mornway turned with a slight heightening of color. "Grace—how could she possibly have known?"

"She couldn't, of course, unless she'd read my weakness in my face. But why do you look so startled at my little joke?"

"It's only that I so dislike Grace's ineradicable idea that I am a wire-puller. Why should she imagine I would help her about Ashford?"

"Oh, Grace has always been a mild and ineffectual conspirator, and she thinks every other woman is built on the same plan. But you did get Fleetwood's job for him, you know," he repeated with laughing insistence.

"I had more faith than you in human nature, that's all." She paused a moment, and then added: "Personally, you know, I have always rather disliked him."

if he is essential. You said you were over-tired and wanted to bring a fresh mind to bear on the other appointments. Why not delay this one too?"

Mornway turned in his chair and looked at her searchingly. "This means something, Ella. What have you heard?"

"Just what you have, probably, but with more attentive ears. The very record you are so proud of has made George Fleetwood innumerable enemies in the last two years. The Lead Trust people are determined to ruin him, and if his reappointment is attacked you will not be spared."

"Attacked? In the papers, you mean?"

She paused. "You know the 'Spy' has always threatened a campaign. And he has a past, as you say!"

"Which was public property long before I first appointed him. Nothing could be gained by raking up his old political history. Everybody knows he didn't come to me with clean hands, but to hurt him now the 'Spy' would have to fasten a new scandal on him, and that would not be easy."

"It would be easy to invent one!"

"Unproven accusations don't count much against a man of such proved capacity. The best answer is his record of the last two years. That is what the public looks at."

"The public looks wherever the press points. And besides, you have your own future to consider. It would be a pity to sacrifice such a career as yours for the sake of backing up even as useful a man as George Fleetwood." She paused, as if checked by his gathering frown, but went on with fresh decision: "Oh, I'm not speaking of personal ambition; I'm thinking of the good you can do. Will Fleetwood's reappointment secure the greatest good of the greatest number, if his unpopularity reacts on you to the extent of hindering your career?"

The Governor's brow cleared and he rose with a smile. "My dear, your reasoning is admirable, but we must leave my career to take care of itself. Whatever I may be to-morrow, I am Governor of Midsylvania to-day, and my business as Governor is to appoint as Attorney-General the best man I can find for the place—and that man is George Fleetwood, unless you have a better one to propose." She met this with perfect good-humor. "No, I have told you already that that is not my business. But I have a candidate of my own for another office, so Grace was not quite wrong, after all."

"Well, who is your candidate, and for what office? I only hope you don't want to change cooks!"

"Oh, I do that without your authority, and you never even know it has been done." She hesitated, and then said with a bright directness: "I want you to do something for poor Gregg."

"Gregg? Rufus Gregg?" He stared. "What an extraordinary request! What can I do for a man I've had to kick out for dishonesty?"

"Not much, perhaps; I know it's difficult. But, after all, it was your kicking him out that ruined him."

"It was his dishonesty that ruined him. He was getting a good salary as my stenographer, and if he hadn't sold those letters to the 'Spy' he would have been getting it still."

She wavered. "After all, nothing was proved—he always denied it."

"Good heavens, Ella! Have you ever doubted his guilt?"

"No—no; I don't mean that. But, of course, his wife and children believe in him, and think you were cruel, and he has been out of work so long that they are starving."

"Send them some money, then; I wonder you thought it necessary to ask."

"I shouldn't have thought it so, but money is not what I want. Mrs. Gregg is proud, and it is hard to help her in that way. Couldn't you give him work of some kind—just a little post in a corner?"

"My dear child, the little posts in the corner are just the ones where honesty is essential. A footpad doesn't wait under a street-lamp! Besides, how can I recommend a man whom I have dismissed for theft? I won't say a word to hinder his getting a place, but on my conscience I can't give him one."

She paused and turned toward the door silently, though without any show of resentment; but on the threshold she lingered long enough to say: "Yet you gave Fleetwood his chance!"

"Fleetwood? You class Fleetwood with Gregg? The best man in the State with a little beggarly thieving nonentity? It's evident enough you're new at wire-pulling, or you would show more skill at it!"

She met this with a laugh. "I'm not likely to have much practice if my first attempt is such a failure. Well, I will see if Mrs. Gregg will let me help her a little—I suppose there is nothing else to be done."

"Nothing that we can do. If Gregg wants a place he had better get one on the staff of the 'Spy.' He served them better than he did me."

III

THE Governor stared at the card with a frown. Half an hour had elapsed since his wife had gone upstairs to dress for the big dinner from which official duties



She stood before them with an arrested brilliancy of aspect

"Oh, I never doubted your disinterestedness. But you are not going to turn against your candidate, are you?"

She hesitated. "I am not sure; circumstances alter cases. When you made Fleetwood Attorney-General two years ago he was the inevitable man for the place."

"Well—is there a better one now?"

"I don't say there is—it's not my business to look for him, at any rate. What I mean is that at that time Fleetwood was worth risking anything for—now I don't know that he is."

"But, even if he were not, what do I risk for him now? I don't see your point. Since he didn't cost me my re-election, what can he possibly cost me now I'm in?"

"He's immensely unpopular. He will cost you a great deal of popularity, and you have never pretended to despise that."

"No, nor ever sacrificed anything essential to it. Are you really asking me to offer up Fleetwood to it now?"

"I don't ask you to do anything—except to consider

excused him, and he was still lingering over the fire before preparing for his own solitary meal. He expected no one that evening but his old friend Hadley Shackwell, with whom it was his long-established habit to talk over his defeats and victories in the first lull after the conflict; and Shackwell was not likely to turn up till nine o'clock. The unwonted stillness of the room, and the knowledge that he had a quiet evening before him, filled the Governor with a luxurious sense of repose. The world seemed to him a good place to be in, and his complacency was shadowed only by the fear that he had perhaps been a trifle over-harsh in refusing his wife's plea for the stenographer. There seemed, therefore, a certain fitness in the appearance of the man's card, and the Governor with a sigh gave orders that Gregg should be shown in.

Gregg was still the soft-stepping scoundrel who invited the toe of honesty, and Mornway, as he entered, was conscious of a sharp revision of feeling. But it was impossible to evade the interview, and he sat silent while the man stated his case.

Mrs. Mornway had represented the stenographer as being in desperate straits, and ready to accept any job that could be found, but though his appearance might have seemed to corroborate her account, he evidently took a less hopeless view of his case, and the Governor found with surprise that he had fixed his eye on a clerkship in one of the Government offices, a post which had been half promised him before the incident of the letters. His plea was that the Governor's charge, though unproven, had so injured his reputation that he could only hope to clear himself by getting some sort of small job under the Administration. After that, it would be easy for him to obtain any employment he wanted.

He met Mornway's refusal with civility, but remarked after a moment: "I hadn't expected this, Governor. Mrs. Mornway led me to think that something might be arranged."

The Governor's tone was brief. "Mrs. Mornway is sorry for your wife and children, and for their sake would be glad to find work for you, but she could not have led you to think that there was any chance of your getting a clerkship."

"Well, that's just it; she said she thought she could manage it."

"You have misinterpreted my wife's interest in your family. Mrs. Mornway has nothing to do with the distribution of Government offices." The Governor broke off, annoyed to find himself asseverating for the second time so obvious a fact.

There was a moment's silence; then Gregg said, still in a perfectly equable tone: "You've always been hard on me, Governor, but I don't bear malice. You accused me of selling those letters to the 'Spy'—"

The Governor made an impatient gesture.

"You couldn't prove your case," Gregg went on imperturbably, "but you were right in one respect. I was on confidential terms with the 'Spy'." He paused and glanced at Mornway, whose face remained immovable. "I'm on the same terms with them still, and I'm ready to let you have the benefit of it if you'll give me the chance to retrieve my good name."

In spite of his irritation the Governor could not repress a smile.

"In other words, you will do a dirty trick for me if I undertake to convince people that you are the soul of honor."

Gregg smiled also.

"There are always two ways of putting a thing. Why not call it a plain case of give and take? I want something and can pay for it."

"Not in any coin I have a use for," said Mornway, pushing back his chair.

Gregg hesitated; then he said: "Perhaps you don't mean to reappoint Fleetwood." The Governor was silent, and he continued: "If you do, don't kick me out a second time. I'm not threatening you—I'm speaking as a friend. Mrs. Mornway has been kind to my wife, and I'd like to help her."

The Governor rose, gripping his chair-back sternly. "You will be kind enough to leave my wife's name out of the discussion. I supposed you knew me well enough to know that I don't buy newspaper secrets at any price, least of all at that of the public money!"

Gregg, who had risen also, stood a few feet off, looking at him inscrutably.

"Is that final, Governor?"

"Quite final."

"Well, good evening, then."

IV

SHACKWELL and the Governor sat over the evening embers. It was after ten o'clock, and the servant had carried away the coffee and liqueurs, leaving the two men to their cigars. Mornway had once more lapsed into his arm-chair, and sat with outstretched feet, gazing comfortably at his friend.

Shackwell was a small dry man of fifty, with a face

as sallow and freckled as a winter pear, a limp mustache, and shrewd, melancholy eyes.

"I am glad you have given yourself a day's rest," he said, looking at the Governor.

"Well, I don't know that I needed it. There's such exhilaration in victory that I never felt fresher."

"Ah, but the fight's just beginning."

"I know—but I'm ready for it. You mean the campaign against Fleetwood. I understand there is to be a big row. Well, he and I are used to rows."

Shackwell paused, surveying his cigar. "You knew the 'Spy' meant to lead the attack?"

"Yes. I was offered a glimpse of the documents this afternoon."

Shackwell started up. "You didn't refuse?"

Mornway related the incident of Gregg's visit. "I could hardly buy my information at that price," he said, "and, besides, it is really Fleetwood's business this time. I suppose he has heard the report, but it doesn't seem to bother him. I rather thought he would have looked in to-day to talk things over, but I haven't seen him."

Shackwell continued to twist his cigar through his sallow fingers without remembering to light it. "You're determined to reappoint Fleetwood?" he asked at length.

The Governor caught him up. "You're the fourth

"Who did, who did?" the Governor violently repeated.

The two men faced each other in the closely curtained silence of the dim luxurious room. Shackwell's eyes again wandered, as if summoning the walls to reply. Then he said, "I have positive information that the 'Spy' will say nothing if you don't appoint Fleetwood."

"And what will it say if I do appoint him?"

"That he bought his first appointment from your wife."

The Governor stood silent, immovable, while the blood crept slowly from his strong neck to his lowering brows. Once he laughed, then he set his lips and continued to gaze into the fire. After a while he looked at his cigar and shook the freshly formed cone of ashes carefully upon the hearth. He had just turned again to Shackwell when the door opened and the butler announced: "Mr. Fleetwood."

The room swam about Shackwell, and when he recovered himself, Mornway, with outstretched hand, was advancing quietly to meet his guest.

Fleetwood was a smaller man than the Governor. He was erect and compact, with a face full of dry energy, which seemed to press forward with the spring of his prominent features, as though it were the weapon with which he cleared his way through the world. He was in evening dress, scrupulously appointed, but pale and nervous. Of the two men, it was Mornway who was the more composed.

"I thought I should have seen you before this," he said.

Fleetwood returned his grasp and shook hands with Shackwell.

"I knew you needed to be let alone. I didn't mean to come to-night, but I wanted to say a word to you."

At this, Shackwell, who had fallen into the background, made a motion of leave-taking, but the Governor arrested it.

"We haven't any secrets from Hadley, have we, Fleetwood?"

"Certainly not. I am glad to have him stay. I have simply come to say that I have been thinking over my future arrangements, and that I find it will not be possible for me to continue in office."

There was a long pause, during which Shackwell kept his eyes on Mornway. The Governor had turned pale, but when he spoke again his voice was full and firm.

"This is sudden," he said.

Fleetwood stood leaning against a high chair-back, fretting its carved ornaments with restless fingers.

"It is sudden—yes. I—there are a variety of reasons."

"Is one of them the fact that you are afraid of what the 'Spy' is going to say?"

The Attorney-General flushed deeply and moved away a few steps. "I'm sick of mud-throwing," he muttered.

"George Fleetwood!" Mornway exclaimed. He had advanced toward his friend, and the two stood confronting each other, already oblivious of Shackwell's presence.

"It's not only that, of course. I've been frightfully hard-worked. My health has given way—"

"Since yesterday?"

Fleetwood forced a smile. "My dear fellow, what a slave-driver you are! Hasn't a man the right to take a rest?"

"Not a soldier on the eve of battle. You have never failed me before."

"I don't want to fail you now. But it isn't the eve of battle—you're in, and that's the main thing."

"The main thing at present is that you promised to stay in with me, and that I must have your real reason for breaking your word."

Fleetwood made a deprecatory movement. "My dear Governor, if you only knew it, I'm doing you a service in backing out."

"A service—why?"

"Because I'm hated—because the Lead Trust wants my blood, and will have yours too if you appoint me."

"Ah, that's the real reason, then—you're afraid of the 'Spy'?"

"Afraid—?"

The Governor continued to speak with dry deliberation. "Evidently, then, you know what they mean to say."

Fleetwood laughed. "One needn't do that to be sure it will be abominable!"

"Who cares how abominable it is if it isn't true?"

Fleetwood shrugged his shoulders and was silent. Shackwell, from a distant seat, uttered a faint protesting sound, but no one heeded him. The Governor stood squarely before Fleetwood, his hands in his pockets. "It is true, then?" he demanded.

"What is true?"

"What the 'Spy' means to say—that you bought my wife's influence to get your first appointment."

In the silence Shackwell started suddenly to his feet. A sound of carriage-wheels had disturbed the quiet street. They paused and then rolled up the semicircle to the door of the Executive Mansion.

"John!" Shackwell warned him.



Shackwell met his glance with one of melancholy interrogation

person who has asked me that to-day! You haven't lost faith in him, have you, Hadley?"

"Not an atom!" said the other with emphasis.

"Well, then, what are you all thinking of, to suppose I can be frightened by a little newspaper talk? Besides, if Fleetwood is not afraid, why should I be?"

"Because you'll be involved in it with him."

The Governor laughed. "What have they got against me now?"

Shackwell, standing up, confronted his friend solemnly. "This—that Fleetwood bought his appointment two years ago."

"Ah—bought it of me? Why didn't it come out at the time?"

"Because it wasn't known then. It has only been found out lately."

"Known—found out? This is magnificent! What was my price, and what did I do with the money?"

Shackwell glanced about the room, and his eyes returned to Mornway's face.

"Look here, John, Fleetwood is not the only man in the world."

"The only man?"

"The only Attorney-General. The 'Spy' has the Lead Trust behind it and means to put up a savage fight. Mud sticks, and—"

"Hadley, is this a conspiracy? You're saying to me just what Ella said this afternoon."

At the mention of Mrs. Mornway's name a silence fell between the two men and the Governor moved uneasily in his chair.

"You are not advising me to chuck Fleetwood because the 'Spy' is going to accuse me of having sold him his first appointment?" he said at length.

Shackwell drew a deep breath. "You say yourself that Mrs. Mornway gave you the same advice this afternoon."

"Well, what of that? Do you imagine that my wife distributes?" The Governor broke off with an exasperated laugh.

Shackwell, leaning against the mantelpiece, looked down into the embers. "I didn't say the 'Spy' meant to accuse you of having sold the office."

Mornway stood up slowly, his eyes on his friend's averted face. The ashes dropped from his cigar, scattering a white trail across the carpet which had excited Mrs. Nimick's envy.

"The office is in my gift. If I didn't sell it, who'd demand it?"

Shackwell laid a hand on his arm. "For heaven's sake, John—"

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The Governor turned impatiently; there was the sound of a servant's steps in the hall, followed by the opening and closing of the outer door.

"Your wife—Mrs. Mornway!" Shackwell cried.

Another step, accompanied by a soft rustle of skirts, was advancing toward the library.

"My wife? Let her come!" said the Governor.

V

SHE stood before them in her bright evening dress, with an arrested brilliancy of aspect like the sparkle of a fountain suddenly caught in ice. Her look moved rapidly from one to the other; then she came forward, while Shackwell slipped behind her to close the door.

"What has happened?" she said.

Shackwell began to speak, but the Governor interposed calmly:

"Fleetwood has come to tell me that he does not wish to remain in office."

"Ah!" she murmured.

There was another silence. Fleetwood broke it by saying: "It is getting late. If you want to see me to-morrow—"

The Governor looked from his face to Ella's. "Yes; go now," he said.

Shackwell moved in Fleetwood's wake to the door. Mrs. Mornway stood with her head high, smiling slightly. She shook hands with each of the men in turn; then she moved toward the sofa and laid aside her shining cloak. All her gestures were calm and noble, but as she raised her hand to unclasp the cloak her husband uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Where did you get that bracelet? I don't remember it."

"This?" She looked at him with astonishment. "It belonged to my mother. I don't often wear it."

"Ah—I shall suspect everything now," he groaned.

He turned away and flung himself with bowed head in the chair behind his writing-table. He wanted to collect himself, to question her, to get to the bottom of the hideous abyss over which his imagination hung. But what was the use? What did the facts matter? He had only to put his memories together—they led him straight to the truth. Every incident of the day seemed to point a leering finger in the same direction, from Mrs. Nimick's allusion to the imported damask curtains to Gregg's confident appeal for rehabilitation. "If you imagine that my wife distributes patronage—" he heard himself repeating inanely, and the walls seemed to reverberate with the laughter which his sister and Gregg had suppressed. He heard Ella rise from the sofa and lifted his head sharply.

"Sit still!" he commanded. She sank back without speaking, and he hid his face again. The past months, the past years, were dancing a witches' dance about him. He remembered a hundred significant things. "Oh, God, he cried to himself, if only she does not lie about it! Suddenly he recalled having pitied Mrs. Nimick because she could not penetrate to the essence of his happiness. Those were the very words he had used! He heard himself laugh aloud. The clock struck—it went on striking interminably. At length he heard his wife rise again and say with sudden authority: "John, you must speak."

Authority—she spoke to him with authority! He laughed again, and through his laugh he heard the

senseless rattle of the words, "If you imagine that my wife distributes patronage . . ."

He looked up haggardly and saw her standing before him. If only she would not lie about it! He said: "You see what has happened."

"I suppose some one has told you about the 'Spy'."

"Who told you? Gregg?" he interposed.

"Yes," she said quietly.

"That was why you wanted—?"

"Why I wanted you to help him? Yes."

"Oh, God! . . . He wouldn't take money?"

"No, he wouldn't take money."

He sat silent, looking at her, noting with a morbid minuteness the exquisite finish of her dress, that finish which seemed so much a part of herself that it had never before struck him as a merely purchasable accessory. He knew so little what a woman's dresses cost! For a moment he lost himself in vague calculations; finally he said: "What did you do it for?"

"Do what?"

"Take money from Fleetwood."

She paused a moment and then said: "If you will let me explain—"

And then he saw that, all along, he had thought she would be able to disprove it! A smothering blackness closed in on him, and he had a physical struggle for breath. Then he forced himself to his feet and said: "He was your lover?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried with conviction. He hardly knew whether the shadow lifted or deepened; the fact that he instantly believed her seemed only to increase his bewilderment. Presently he found that she was still speaking, and he began to listen to her, catching a phrase now and then through the deafening clamor of his thoughts.

It amounted to this—that just after her husband's first election, when Fleetwood's claims for the Attorney-Generalship were being vainly pressed by a group of his political backers, Mrs. Mornway had chanced to sit next to him once or twice at dinner. One day, on the strength of these meetings, he had called and asked her frankly if she would not help him with her husband. He had made a clean breast of his past, but had said that, under a man like Mornway, he felt he could wipe out his political sins and purify himself while he served the party. She knew the party needed his brains, and she believed in him—she was sure he would keep his word. She would have spoken in his favor in any case—she would have used all her influence to overcome her husband's prejudice—and it was by a mere accident that, in the course of one of their talks, he happened to give her a "tip" (his past connections were still useful for such purposes), a "tip" which, in the first invading pressure of debt after Mornway's election, she had not had the courage to refuse. Fleetwood had made some money for her—yes, about thirty thousand dollars. She had repaid what he had lent her, and there had been no further transactions of the kind between them. But it appeared that Gregg, before his dismissal, had got hold of an old check-book which gave a hint of the story, and had pieced the rest together with the help of a clerk in Fleetwood's office. The "Spy" was in possession of the facts, but did not mean to use them if Fleetwood was not reappointed, the Lead Trust having no personal grudge against Mornway.

Her story ended there, and she sat silent while he continued to look at her. So much had perished in the

wreck of his faith that he did not attach much value to what remained. It scarcely mattered that he believed her when the truth was so sordid. There had been, after all, nothing to envy him for but what Mrs. Nimick had seen: the core of his life was as mean and miserable as his sister's . . .

His wife rose at length, pale but still calm. She had a kind of external dignity which she wore like one of her rich dresses. It seemed as little a part of her now as the finery of which his gaze contemptuously reckoned the cost.

"John—" she said, laying her hand on his shoulder. He looked up wearily. "You had better go to bed," he interjected.

"Don't look at me in that way. I am prepared for your being angry with me—I made a dreadful mistake and must bear my punishment: any punishment you choose to inflict. But you must think of yourself first—you must spare yourself. Why should you be so horribly unhappy? Don't you see that since Mr. Fleetwood has behaved so well we are quite safe? And I swear to you I have paid back every penny of the money."

VI

THREE days later Shackwell was summoned by telephone to the Governor's office in the Capitol. There had been, in the interval, no communication between the two men, and the papers had been silent or non-committal.

In the lobby Shackwell met Fleetwood leaving the building. For a moment the Attorney-General seemed about to speak; then he nodded and passed on, leaving to Shackwell the impression of a face more than ever thrust forward like a weapon.

The Governor sat behind his desk in the clear autumn sunlight. In contrast to Fleetwood he seemed relaxed and unwieldy, and the face he turned to his friend had a gray look of convalescence. Shackwell wondered, with a start of apprehension, if he and Fleetwood had been together.

He relieved himself of his overcoat without speaking, and when he turned again toward Mornway he was surprised to find the latter watching him with a smile.

"It's good to see you, Hadley," the Governor said.

"I waited to be sent for; I knew you'd let me know when you wanted me," Shackwell replied.

"I didn't send for you on purpose. If I had, I might have asked your advice, and I didn't want to ask anybody's advice but my own." The Governor spoke steadily, but in a voice a trifle too well disciplined to be natural. "I've had a three days' conference with myself," he continued, "and now that everything is settled I want you to do me a favor."

"Yes?" Shackwell assented. The private issues of the affair were still wrapped in mystery to him, but he had never had a moment's doubt as to its public solution, and he had no difficulty in conjecturing the nature of the service he was to render. His heart ached for Mornway, but he was glad the inevitable step was to be taken without further delay.

"Everything is settled," the Governor repeated, "and I want you to notify the press that I have decided to reappoint Fleetwood."

Shackwell bounded from his seat. "Good heavens!" he ejaculated.

(Continued on page 21.)

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

BY "A GREAT CREATIVE ARTIST WHOSE REASONS FOR ANONYMITY SEEM SUFFICIENT TO US AS TO HIMSELF"

(See Editorial on page 6)

IS there such a thing as Christian citizenship? No, but it could be created. The process would be quite simple, and not productive of hardship to any one. It will be conceded that every man's first duty is to God; it will also be conceded, and with strong emphasis, that a Christian's first duty is to God. It then follows, as a matter of course, that it is his duty to carry his Christian code of morals to the polls and vote them. Whenever he shall do that, he will not find himself voting for an unclean man, a dishonest man. Whenever a Christian votes, he votes against God or for Him, and he knows this quite well. God is an issue in every election; He is a candidate in the person of every clean nominee on every ticket; His purity and His approval are there, to be voted for or voted against, and no fealty to party can absolve His servant from his higher and more exacting fealty to Him; He takes precedence of party, duty to Him is above every claim of party.

Christians and the Ballot

If Christians should vote their duty to God at the polls, they would carry every election, and do it with ease. They would elect every clean candidate in the United States, and defeat every soiled one. Their prodigious power would be quickly realized and recognized, and afterward there would be no unclean candidates upon any ticket, and graft would cease. No church organization can be found in the country that would elect men of foul character to be its shepherd, its treasurer, and superintendent of its Sunday-school. It would be revolted at the idea; it would consider such an election an insult to God. Yet every Christian congregation in the country elects foul men to public office, while quite aware that this also is an open and deliberate insult to God, who can not approve and does not approve the placing of the liberties and the well-being of His children in the hands of infamous men. It is the Christian congregations that are responsible for

the filling of our public offices with criminals, for the reason that they could prevent it if they chose to do it. They could prevent it without organizing a league, without framing a platform, without making any speeches or passing any resolutions—in a word, without concert of any kind. They could accomplish it by each individual resolving to vote for God at the polls—that is to say, vote for the candidate whom God would approve. Can a man imagine such a thing as God being a Republican or a Democrat, and voting for a criminal or a blackguard merely because party loyalty required it? Then can we imagine that a man can improve upon God's attitude in this matter, and by help of professional politicians invent a better policy? God has no politics but cleanliness and honesty, and it is good enough for men.

A man's second duty is to his family. There was a time when a clergyman's duty to his family required him to be his congregation's political slave, and vote his congregation's ticket in order to safeguard the food and shelter of his wife and children. But that time has gone by. We have the secret ballot now, and a clergyman can vote for God. He can also plead with his congregation to do the like.

Perhaps. We can not be sure. The congregation would probably inquire whom he was going to vote for; and if he stood upon his manhood and answered that they had no Christian right (which is the same as saying no moral right, and, of course, no legal right) to ask the question, it is conceivable—not to say certain—that they would dismiss him, and be much offended at his proposing to be a man as well as a clergyman.

Still, there are clergymen who are so situated as to be able to make the experiment. It would be worth while to try it. If the Christians of America could be persuaded to vote God and a clean ticket, it would bring about a moral revolution that would be incalculably beneficial. It would save the country—a country whose Christians have betrayed it and are destroying it.

The Christians of Connecticut sent Bulkeley to the

Senate. They sent to the Legislature the men who elected him. These two crimes they could have prevented; they did not do it, and upon them rest the shame and the responsibility. Only one clergyman remembered his Christian morals and his duty to God, and stood bravely by both. Mr. Smythe is probably an outcast now, but such a man as that can endure ostracism; and such a man as that is likely to possess the treasure of a family that can endure it with him, and be proud to do it. I kiss the hem of his garment.

Four years ago Greater New York had two tickets in the field: one clean, the other dirty, with a single exception; an unspeakable ticket with that lonely exception. One-half of the Christians voted for that foul ticket and against God and the Christian code of morals, putting loyalty to party above loyalty to God and honorable citizenship, and they came within a fraction of electing it; whereas if they had stood by their professed morals they would have buried it out of sight. Christianity was on trial then, it is on trial now. And nothing important is on trial except Christianity.

Another Test to Come

It was on trial in Philadelphia, and failed; in Pennsylvania, and failed; in Rhode Island, and failed; in Connecticut, and failed; in New York, and failed; in Delaware, and failed; in every town and county and State, and was recreant to its trust; it has effusively busied itself with the small matters of charity and benevolence, and has looked on, indifferent while its country was sinking lower and lower in repute and drifting further and further toward moral destruction. It is the one force that can save, and it sits with folded hands. In Greater New York it will presently have an opportunity to elect or defeat some straight, clean, honest men, of the sterling Jerome stamp, and some of the Tammany kind. The Christian vote—and the Christian vote alone—will decide the contest. It, and it alone, is master of the situation, and lord of the result.

NOGI, THE SAMURAI

An Intimate Personal Sketch of the Conqueror of Port Arthur

By RICHARD BARRY, Collier's Correspondent Attached to the Japanese Third Army

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LET it be known first that Nogi is not the only great Japanese; let it be well known that Port Arthur and Mukden were won by no single man or single set of men. System, with a mighty purpose and a long foreground, triumphed. A machine, not a genius, has won in Asia. Remove Nogi to-morrow, take away Oyama, yes, blow even Kodama into atoms, and this gigantic force of a unified nationality would still sweep on. No one knows this better than the whitebeard Nogi, and ugly old Oyama with his jolly smile would assent as readily. Yet some hand had to be at the engine's throttle, so Nogi is interesting.

Look where Japan kicks Kiushiu from her toe as Sicily is sloughed from the boot of Italy, and you will find the home of nine-tenths of the leaders of the present-day empire. It would give Ohio pangs of envy to look at the record of Choshu, the province which forms that toe. Ito, Kodama, Inouye, Yamagata, Katsura, Terauchi, and Nogi saw the rising sun there first.

Fifty-seven years ago, in an interior city of Choshu, the seat of a daimio of a hundred thousand koku, where no foreigner had ever been, a son was born to a samurai of high rank. This boy spent his early years in a spacious yashiki that stood within the outer fortifications surrounding the daimio's castle. Gardens laid out by the celebrated landscapist Kitigaki stretched all about this castle and enveloped the yashiki. Kitigaki it was who refused to molest the ancient forests of Kyoto in building the great Tokugawa temples there, declaring that for a holy purpose such a natural line of beauty as rises out of the centre of the imperial city could never be improved upon. In one of the gardens near the old yashiki was a shrine to the god of armies. In those early years Kitigaki's line of beauty entered the boy's mind, and upon his spirit the god of armies laid the cowl of mastery.

Fortunate artists who have seen such homes, not uncommon a generation ago, but rarer now, refer to them as fairy palaces, and to the gardens as a Buddhist's dream of paradise. But fairyland and dreamland were not for sons of samurai in those days. Before the first great ceremony, the donning of his hakama, this young samurai was weaned from all the tender influences that might corrupt his heart and give him an undue love of life. Natural impulses of childlike affection were denied him. Toys, inactive pleasures, he had none, and no comforts, except during illness. Only at home, screened in intimacy, was he allowed to relax a cold sternness, and he never knew what it is to cry over a stubbed toe. From the time he could speak he was enjoined to consider duty his guiding motive, self-control the first necessity, and pain and death mere incidents in the long reach of existence that stretches up and down the pathway leading to Nirvana.

One day the boy was taken to witness an execution. He was placed quite near the scene, and as the head fell and the arterial gush burst forth, his father reprimanded him for the involuntary shudder that convulsed his young limbs. That evening he was given for supper a bowl of rice from which ran rich salted plum juice, so that, as he ate, each poignant mouthful brought to him a vision of a neck of matted scarlet spouting crimson streams. As a final test of courage he was sent alone that midnight to the execution grounds to bring back the severed head. Thus his father showed him that the fear of death was no less contemptible than the fear of man; in short, he was to fear nothing. Haughtiness was reprimanded even more severely than cringing. Swagging was no less a sin than cowardice.

As the boy grew up he was taught riding, archery, fencing, and wrestling. He was allowed to play only with older boys who trained him in martial pursuits. From them he also learned how to swim, to handle a boat, and to develop his young muscles. Studying Chinese classics was the only change from this severe physical discipline. He had plenty to eat, but no dainties. His clothing was light and coarse, except on ceremonial days, and he was permitted no fire for mere warming. If his hands became too cold to hold the writing brush, he plunged them in icy water. If he complained that his feet were numbed by frost, he was pointed to the snow bank. Above all things, he was taught the use of the sword that hung in his belt from his twelfth year. Neither ornament nor plaything, he

was shown how with it to find quickly the exact spot between the axial vertebrae in severing an enemy's head, and how to slip the steel into his own bowels at a moment's notice, without shrinking, whenever his code of honor taught him so to do.

This young samurai learned that hope of heaven and fear of hell are vulgar vices, and that the superior man loves right for its own sake. Placed on his own responsibility in his teens, he came to the full knowledge that he who makes a mistake can not also make an excuse, that a serious offence is not to be condoned, and that death should be more welcome than a well-merited reprimand.

So he passed out of provincial life, out of Choshu, the home of great men—Nogi Maresuke, fearless, courteous, self-denying, despising pleasure, and ready at an instant's notice to give up his life for loyalty, love, or honor. A warrior full-grown in frame and spirit, he was barely a man in years when the country was shaken by that upheaval called the Restoration, and he entered upon the fair highway of his august future with the first year of the wonderful reign of Meiji.

The plain north of the city of Dresden presented a brilliant spectacle one autumn day in 1885. All the crack German regiments were out for maneuvers on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession to the throne of the renowned, revered Friedrich Wilhelm. A united empire presented her most skilled military

Some officer sent to represent his Government at this auspicious function had lost control of his horse. He was about to become more ludicrous by being thrown from his mount, when two grooms ran forward and seized the beast by the bridle. At this, Prince Wilhelm remarked to Unser Fritz that the attaché was a Japanese.

The attaché, however, would not relinquish a task he had begun. He did not come from a land of horses, and he had borrowed a German steed. Had it been a boat to sail, a mountain to climb, a throat to cut, or a foe to throw, how he might have jounced them! As it was, he missed all note of the maneuvers, for so capricious were his horse's heels that he saw nothing but his horse's head.

The papers the next day echoed the royal chaff. The Japanese were all very well for exquisite embroidery, rare cloisonné, uncommon prints, delicate draughtsmanship, curious poetry, and dainty customs, but they only courted ridicule in competing robustly with other nations. No one foresaw then the globe-trotting of Karl Anton and Arisugawa to mutual national salams.

The Japanese attaché the next day requested his Emperor to lengthen his stay in Germany from the year, which had then closed, to a complete three years. He asserted that he could not comprehend the German military system in a less time. The day this permission was granted he entered the best officers' riding school in Berlin. Two years later, at the autumnal maneuvers, he attracted wide attention for his strict seat and elegant figure. The then Major-General, now General Baron Nogi, is to-day a noticeably fine horseman in an army of crude riders, but he did not spend all of that three years in Germany in learning to ride only.

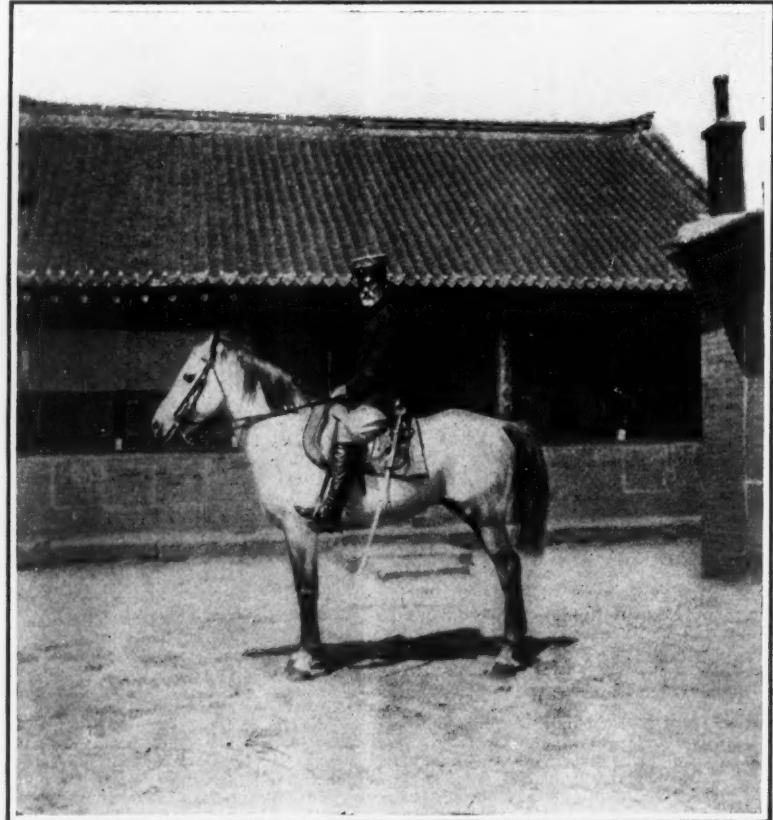
In the year 1895—the headquarters of the Eleventh division of the Japanese army was at Zentsuji on the island of Shikoku. A country paper published at Zentsuji—for Japan now has most of the inflections of civilized lands—twice during that year found occasion to refer in veiled but nevertheless contemptuous terms to the mean way of life of the military commander. It was well known that he had a town house, in the French style, in Tokio; that he was a baron, a lieutenant-general, and a man of large income from his private estates. Why did he live like a tradesman? He occupied a common house in an obscure part of town, kept but a single servant, had rough paper shogi on his windows like any artisan, and, worst of all, busied himself nowise with the social, political, or industrial life of his fellow citizens. Not so heinous an offence, but more strange, was the fact that his family did not live with him. He was always with his soldiers, or alone studying Chinese and German books, or riding a blooded Turkish horse, his one extravagance.

The paper thought it a reflection on Zentsuji, for the commander was one of the captors of Port Arthur in the Chinese war, had been military governor of Formosa, and was looked upon generally among well-informed men as one in good favor with the court at Tokio. Why, then, should he live such an anomalous existence in obscure Zentsuji? They thought he either sought to go to Tokio and assume an important place in political life,

or else blossom out in the full splendors of a provincial military governor. Because he did neither they resented it and called him "stingy." Apparently none of them knew that the commander of the Eleventh Division was an important part of the leaven preparing his country for the war with Russia.

In the latter part of that year a tidal wave wrecked two hamlets on the Bay of Tosa, which is in the district controlled by Zentsuji. Many people were drowned, hundreds were left destitute, and the suffering was appalling. The largest subscriber to the relief fund was the commander at Zentsuji. He gave a thousand yen from his own pocket, and for this act the paper and the people of Zentsuji withdrew the charge of "stinginess" from Nogi.

On the morning of January 2, 1905, a party of four Russian officers rode from buttressed Port Arthur to a village on the plain north of the city. They were accompanied by two Japanese officers, and wherever they passed the Japanese sentries presented arms. Débris of battle strewed the ground, and they criss-crossed along the road, guiding their horses carefully among



General Nogi, on the horse presented to him by General Stoessel after the fall of Port Arthur

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the holes kicked out by the shells of eleven-inch siege howitzers. Arrived at a long hut in the centre of the village, the officers leaped from their horses, while the chief of the party, General Stoessel, entered to give up his sword, his horse, and the city to the Japanese commander.

Nogi did not expect Stoessel until that afternoon, and so was not ready for the meeting. He had just been reading a number of despatches from Japan and Europe, for thirty-six hours had passed since the telegraph first announced the capitulation. Ten years before he had helped seize Port Arthur from the largest nation in the East, and now from the largest nation in the West he had wrenched this dagger pointed at his country's heart. He stood at the pinnacle of his career, thanked personally by his Emperor, applauded by millions, his name assured a place in history's final page, a figure to give full joy to the heart of that stern old samurai father who once dwelt in the yashiki within the fortifications of the castle belonging to the daimio of Kiushiu. What thoughts occupied the great man on this auspicious morning?

Let us enter that hut ahead of Stoessel. The room is about thirty feet long and half as broad, formed of field bowlders roughly mortared and plastered thick with mud, which has yawned at the zero cold until a man's thumb can be stuck into the cracks at nearly every pace. From two broad paper windows the heavy rice straw matting used for a barricade against the cold nights has been partially removed and a tepid sun streams in hazily, bringing light without heat. At one side a brass-lined wooden box contains a few chunks of smouldering charcoal. There is no other heat, and the place seems colder than outside, where the soldiers are wearing thick woolen ear-tubs, flannel mitts, and shoes lined with sheepskin. A table with legs of elaborate Chinese carving in the centre of the room has a manifoldest copy of the proclamation and a thick bunch of carefully folded telegrams. Aside from these bits of paper there is but one thing in the room to indicate that the man occupying it is else than ordinary. This is a great white fox fur thrown across a luxurious wicker chair which occupies the nedai running under the window. One could imagine that, wrapped in that fox fur on the nedai, under which is burning a brisk fire of cornstalks, one might find fair comfort.

The Bitterness of Nogi's Glory

But Nogi sits on the far side of the room, his hands plunged deeply in the pockets of his blue kersey overcoat, which he draws loosely about him. Under his ragged white beard his small mouth is drawn into a deep semicircle. His small, clear eyes are gazing at something seated in the bottom of the wicker chair, a patch of dark-green pasteboard against the white fur. His glance is wistful and tender as he regards this photograph of three Japanese officers and a Japanese lady. The uniforms of the officers show them to be a general, a captain, and a lieutenant, and the photograph is new. It was thus that a member of his staff saw him that morning before his meeting with Stoessel.

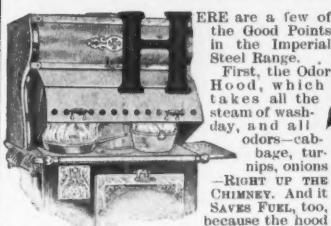
It is not likely that Nogi remembers the yashiki in Choshu, the day of the execution, the supper of plum-colored rice, the venture alone at night after the head of the victim, the plunging of cold hands into ice water, and of frosted toes into a snowbank, nor the perseverance of a three years' search after the secret of European military supremacy, nor the ten years' immolation in an interior town for the organization of a mighty army. The heart rises supreme on such an occasion, and he is looking across the graves of an army corps into the faces of his dead as they speak to him out of that pasteboard in the wicker chair. He is an old man now, the two sons for whom he has lived, worked, and dreamed, have been killed out there under his command, and he has ordered a hundred thousand other men into death and worse than death. So this is the price he pays for standing a brief moment at the apex of a world!

Stoessel enters, the business of surrender is settled, and then the Russian offers his formal congratulations. What is sweeter than the avowal of a defeated adversary? But Nogi lays his hand on the telegrams that represent the praise of all the men he deems of value, and replies, with a sincerity not always Japanese: "This is not a moment for congratulation. This has cost too much for any one to rejoice in victory."

Let us have a final glance at Nogi to-day at his headquarters, about a hundred yards from the Mongolian room in which these fragmentary sketches are being written. He has left Port Arthur desolate and ghastly. He has seen his Emperor. He has knelt in the least of the seven rooms and has been exalted into greatness. He has spent some grief-stricken days and lonely nights with the meek and little baroness in that small brick house in Tokio, so different from the filmy loveliness of the old samurai yashiki. He has marched at the head of his four veteran divisions, the most severely tested fighters now on earth, worthy to rise above the centuries, and bid the hail of fellowship to Caesar's tenth legion; up the left flank of the dour Russian army, has smashed Linevitch, their ablest fighter, and has seen the gray hosts streaming into Tie Pass. Again he is settled, as at Zentsuji, in the house of a common tradesman, alone, with his soldiers and his books, gathering momentum for the final spring.

It is the day after the greatest victory in the history of naval warfare, for which stands responsible another son of the old Kiushiu samurai, one from Satsuma named Togo. The staff is assembled in the yard of the commander's house to drink a "Banzai" to the fleet. Here is one with a head like a roasted peanut and scarred in the same way from the fire, his mouth ragged, his eyes weary and sunken, as we are told the eyes of old hunters sink when they have passed into the silence that removes them from their fellows on this earth. He it was who reeled into the redoubt at the head of his defeated men, sabring three Russians with his own Masamune steel, that October day following which the Emperor christened the place. Then he was commander of the Fourth Brigade: now he is Nogi's chief of staff. "I am ashamed to go home," he says, "to face the relatives and friends of my officers, who are all dead; I alone survive. Why should I be spared?" Four times he led general assaults in his full uniform, all his decorations on, each time expecting death. Here is the chief of engineers, inventor of the dynamite wheel, the bamboo grenade lifts, the nitro-glycerine gun, the involuted tunnel, the time-fused barricade, all the diabolical traps that raised Port Arthur into a scientific hell. With the weight of a twelve-year-old boy, the dreamy eyes of a poet, and the enormous, misshapen head of an eccentric genius, rolling his yellow eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses, standing in his boots as though he had but donned a uniform for the first time, he lolls, as he exclaims with a vacant laugh that he is sure to go below, following the many Russians he has sent there first. Some one remarks that the devil will find hard competition, and he brightens with professional zeal, asks what kind of a place it may be, and then launches his gaze into the heavens, dreaming of the possibilities, as a poet casts himself into ecstasy, his eye "with a fine frenzy rolling," conceiving a new masterpiece. Here, with green stripes down his trousers, is the director of hospitals, alike wraithy and absent-minded, yet performer of miracles of mercy. Here is the chief of artillery who dragged the great guns from before the Eternal Dragon to the rear of Putilof. The chiefs of commissary, of transport, of cavalry, of communications, of the post-office and sanitation group in the rear, all as silent and insignificant as their tasks are violent and vast. To look at this quiet group in the court of a filthy Chinese house on the edge of the Mongolian wilds we see a handful of plain, wizened men tired of the day's work, and a bit uneasy in each other's presence. No one knows what to say and each man shifts from one foot to the other. They are like a lot of head students dragged from their garrets into the sun of the quadrangle. Each seems fearful that his sword is on wrong or that his gloves are not spliced properly or that his most recent failure is public property. In the background fit, appear, and disappear four or five servants bearing the three yellow stripes of distinguished privates. One wears the fourth-class order of the Golden Kite. On the breast of another are

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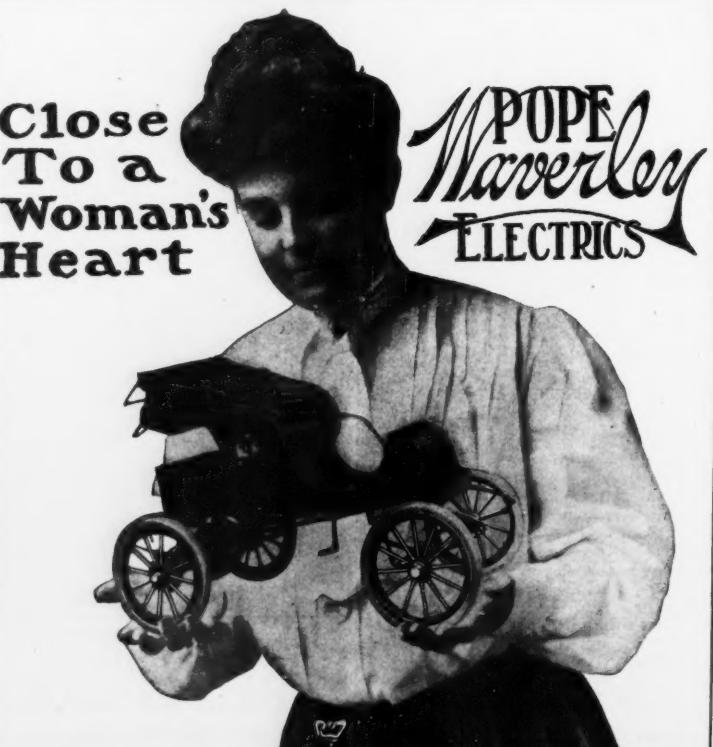
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NOGI, THE SAMURAI

(Continued from page 19)

two intaglios of merit. This one picked a mine out of the Dragon's Eye and saved a battalion. The first planted the flag on 203-Metre Hill. All are the sole survivors of gallant, desperate work. All seem ashamed, modest, without purpose, sustained only by a weird impulse to motion. The hush of twilight falls and all cast repeated anxious glances toward the low door of the house.

Then a smile, vivid and certain, enters—with Nogi! The atmosphere changes. The servants fall into allotted places and look erect and certain. The subalterns pick their places easily. The generals assume simple postures. The body of the army's brain glows with life, for it has found a soul.

He shakes hands with us all and leads the way, his eyes twinkling with the beauty intelligence seen in an elephant's—simple in craft, reflecting a disposition monumental in serenity. He walks as if he had just straddled a picket fence, when he really has but just come from his horse. His big black boots stop about his thighs and his gold spurs jangle on the hard dirt. Every button on him is polished and in its proper hole, but he is innocent of other decorations. There is liveness in his figure, elegance, reserve, force, and dignity. His fingers are carefully manicured, his limbs long and muscular, and his body is as slim as a sapling. He walks alone, casting about him the aureole of unconscious power born in a great master of men. One looking at him a long, long time might finally pronounce upon him a single word—"thoroughbred."

We assemble about a long table in an outhouse. The room is crowded by the thirty members of the staff, who look upon the chief with that helpless feeling known to the fingers of a hand when no thought and no instinct guides their action. The chief, beaming with something more than good nature, pervades the room with a sort of nervous intensity which rises as a dominant influence, glowing for a moment on the extremest verge of the occasion, lifts his aluminium cup filled with champagne, announces the great victory of his confrère, Togo, and proposes three "Banzais!" These ring out as though they might raise the thatched roof from its hut. Then three more for the Emperor, then separation, chattering, and drinking, every man taking his cue of action from the white-bearded Nogi.

We congratulate him by word of mouth. He listens gravely, the beady eyes twinkling as always, the lithe figure, as ever, tense. Then he replies, and something undefinable in his manner, some intuitive perception of the man, convinces us that there is more of ancient samurai sincerity in what he says than of the subtle diplomatic courtesy of the East.

"We should not be proud," he says, as he holds his cup high and looks us in the eyes. "Good luck has been with us, and good luck is a thing to be reckoned with and to be thankful for. Besides, what we know of this way of fighting we have learned from you Westerners, and we should not be proud. Moreover, we must be prepared for a long, hard war, for the Russians are a brave, stubborn people. So we must not be proud."

The staff dissolves in the darkness, and the last we see of him is the indistinct outline of his elegant figure as he reaches over with one hand to pat Kotubiki (Long Life), the horse Stoessel gave him, while, with the other, he feeds him a handful of crushed bran, taken from the pocket of his kersey coat.

THE BEST MAN

(Continued from page 17)

"To reappoint Fleetwood," the Governor repeated, "because at the present juncture of affairs he is the only man for the place. The work we began together is not finished, and I can't finish it without him. Remember the vistas opened by the Lead Trust investigation—he knows where they lead and no one else does. We must put that inquiry through, no matter what it costs us, and that is why I have sent for you to take this letter to the 'Spy.'"

Shackwell's hand drew back from the proffered envelope.

"You say you don't want my advice, but you can't expect me to go on such an errand with my eyes shut. What on earth are you driving at? Of course Fleetwood will persist in refusing."

Mornway smiled. "He did persist—for three hours. But when he left here just now he had given me his word to accept."

Shackwell groaned. "Then I am dealing with two madmen instead of one."

The Governor laughed. "My poor Hadley, you're worse than I expected. I thought you would understand me."

"Understand you? How can I, in heaven's name, when I don't understand the situation?"

"The situation—the situation?" Mornway repeated slowly. "Whose? His or mine? I don't either—I haven't had time to think of them."

"What on earth have you been thinking of then?"

The Governor rose, with a gesture toward the window, through which, below the slope of the Capitol grounds, the roofs and steeples of the city spread their smoky mass to the mild air.

"Of all that is left," he said. "Of everything except Fleetwood and myself."

"Ah—" Shackwell murmured.

Mornway turned back and sank into his seat. "Don't you see that was all I had to turn to? The State—the country—it's big enough, in all conscience, to fill a good deal of a void! My own walls had grown too cramped for me, so I just stepped outside. You have no idea how it simplified matters at once. All I had to do was to say to myself: 'Go ahead, and do the best you can for the country.' The personal issue simply didn't exist."

"Yes—and then?"

"Then I turned over for three days this question of the Attorney-General-ship. I couldn't see that it was changed—how should my feelings have affected it? Fleetwood hasn't betrayed the State. There isn't a scar on his public record—he is still the best man for the place. My business is to appoint the best man I can find, and I can't find any one as good as Fleetwood."

"But—but—your wife?" Shackwell stammered.

The Governor looked up with surprise. Shackwell could almost have sworn that he had indeed forgotten the private issue.

"My wife is ready to face the consequences," he said.

Shackwell returned to his former attitude of incredulity.

"But Fleetwood? Fleetwood has no right to sacrifice—"

"To sacrifice my wife to the State? Oh, let us beware of big words. Fleetwood was inclined to use them at first, but I managed to restore his sense of proportion. I showed him that our private lives are only a few feet square anyhow, and that really, to breathe freely, one must get out of them into the open." He paused and broke out with sudden violence, "My God, Hadley, don't you see that Fleetwood had to obey me?"

"Yes—I see that," said Shackwell, with reviving obstinacy. "But if you've reached such a height and pulled him up to your side it seems to me that from that standpoint you ought to get an even clearer view of the madness of your position. You say you have decided to sacrifice your own feelings and your wife's—though I'm not so sure of your right to dispose of her voice in the matter; but what if you sacrifice the party and the State as well, in this transcendental attempt to distinguish between private and public honor? You'll have to answer that before you can get me to carry this letter."

The Governor did not blanch under the attack.

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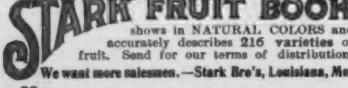
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THE BEST MAN

(Continued from page 21)

"I think the letter will answer you," he said calmly.

"The letter?"

"Yes. It's something more than a notification of Fleetwood's reappointment." Mornway paused and looked steadily at his friend. "You're afraid of an investigation—an impeachment? Well, the letter anticipates that."

"How, in heaven's name?"

"By a plain statement of the facts. My wife has told me that she did borrow of Fleetwood. He speculated for her and made a considerable sum, out of which she repaid his loan. The 'Spy's' accusation is true. If it can be proved that my wife induced me to appoint Fleetwood, it may be argued that she sold him the appointment. But it can't be proved, and the 'Spy' won't waste its breath in trying to, because my statement will take the sting out of its innuendoes. I propose to anticipate its attack by setting forth the facts in its columns, and asking the public to decide between us. On one side is the private fact that my wife, without my knowledge, borrowed money from Fleetwood just before I appointed him to an important post; on the other side is his public record and mine. I want people to see both sides and judge between them, not in the red glare of a newspaper denunciation, but in the plain daylight of common-sense. Charges against the private morality of a public man are usually made in such a blare of headlines and cloud of mud-throwing that the voice he lifts up in his defense can not make itself heard. In this case I want the public to hear what I have to say before the yelping begins. My letter will take the wind out of the 'Spy's' sails, and if the verdict goes against me, the case will have been decided on its own merits, and not at the dictation of the writers of scare heads. Even if I don't gain my end, it will be a good thing, for once, for the public to consider dispassionately how far a private calamity should be allowed to affect a career of public usefulness, and the next man who goes through what I am undergoing may have cause to thank me if no one else does."

Shackwell sat silent for a moment, with the ring of the last words in his ears. Suddenly he rose and held out his hand. "Give me the letter," he said.

The Governor caught him up with a kindling eye. "It's all right, then? You see, and you'll take it?"

Shackwell met his glance with one of melancholy interrogation. "I think I see a magnificent suicide, but it's the kind of way I shouldn't mind dying myself."

He pulled himself silently into his coat and put the letter into one of its pockets, but as he was turning to the door the Governor called after him cheerfully: "By the way, Hadley, aren't you and Mrs. Shackwell giving a big dinner to-morrow?"

Shackwell paused with a start. "I believe we are—why?"

"Because, if there is room for two more, my wife and I would like to be invited."

Shackwell nodded his assent and turned away without answering. As he came out of the lobby into the clear sunset radiance he saw a victoria drive up the long sweep to the Capitol and pause before the central portico. He descended the steps, and Mrs. Mornway leaned from her furs to greet him.

"I have called for my husband," she said, smiling.

"Can you tell me if any one is with him? He promised to get away in time for a little turn in the Park before dinner."

Collier's Quarterly Short Story Contest

A prize of \$1,000, in addition to payment at the rate of five cents a word for the manuscript, will be paid for the best story accepted between September 1 and December 1, 1905

The first Quarterly Short Story Contest ended September 1. As this number went to press more than ten days before that date it is not possible to announce here the names of all the stories accepted this quarter. They will be announced in an early issue and from among them the judges will choose the one to which the \$1,000 premium will be awarded. Announcement of this decision will be made in these columns as soon as the judges have reached a conclusion. The

Second Quarterly Short Story Contest

is now open and will be conducted under the same rules as the first. The quarterly bonus of \$1,000 is not in payment for a story, but purely in addition to the price. The next quarter will begin December 1, when the third premium of \$1,000 will be offered.

Conditions of the Contest

All manuscripts must be submitted in the usual way and will be passed upon by the editors as to their availability for use in *COLLIER'S*. Stories about which no doubt exists will be accepted or rejected within two weeks after their receipt. Cases of doubt may require further consideration.

Every story accepted for use in *COLLIER'S* will be paid for at a minimum rate of five cents a word at the time of acceptance. Authors who have an established price above that amount will receive their rate.

All accepted stories become competitors for the prize of \$1,000 for that quarter during which the story is sent to this office. The accepted stories in each quarter will be submitted to a committee of three judges, to be named hereafter.

Every manuscript must bear the full name and address of the author. Accepted stories will be put in type, and proofs that do not contain the name of the author will be submitted to the judges, so that the latter will reach their decision without knowledge of the authorship of the successful story.

Although the Fiction Department of *COLLIER'S* will, of course, know the names of the writers of accepted stories, identity of the authors will be concealed from the judges who are to award the \$1,000 premium.

Stories, to be eligible for prize, must not be over six thousand words in length. They may be as short as the writer chooses.

All manuscripts must be typewritten, or written in a legible hand, and on one side of the paper only. They must be folded or laid flat in their envelopes; never rolled. Manuscripts that do not comply with these conditions will not be considered.

All manuscripts for each quarterly prize may be mailed on the first day or any later day of the quarter. That is, although a story may reach us a week later than the last day of the quarter, if the envelope is postmarked prior to that date the manuscript will be considered eligible for that quarter.

Although every possible precaution will be taken to ensure their safe return, all manuscripts are sent at the author's risk.

The stories should be addressed to the Fiction Department of *COLLIER'S*, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York. Return postage must accompany every manuscript. A booklet giving all particulars will be mailed upon request.

One Hundred Dollars for a Photograph

In order to secure for *COLLIER'S* the best news photographs a monthly prize of one hundred dollars will be awarded (in addition to the purchase price of the photograph itself) for the best news picture published during the month. This offer is open to amateurs as well as to professionals.

The Prize-Winning Photograph for August

The \$100 prize for the best photograph published in *COLLIER'S* during the month of August has been awarded to the author of "The Mutiny at Odessa" for the photograph on page 5 of *COLLIER'S* for August 5. We are not at liberty to publish the name of the prize winner, owing to the fact that such publication would get him into trouble with the Russian authorities at Odessa, against whose orders the picture was taken.

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OUST THE DEMON

A Tussle with Coffee

There is something fairly demoniacal in the way coffee sometimes wrecks its fiendish malice on those who use it.

A lady writing from Calif. says:

"My husband and I, both lovers of coffee, suffered for some time from a very annoying form of nervousness, accompanied by most frightful headaches. In my own case there was eventually developed some sort of affection of the nerves leading from the spine to the head.

"I was unable to hold my head up straight, the tension of the nerves drew it to one side, causing me the most intense pain. We got no relief from medicine, and were puzzled as to what caused the trouble, till a friend suggested that possibly the coffee we drank had something to do with it, and advised that we quit it and try Postum Coffee.

"We followed his advice, and from the day that we began to use Postum we both began to improve, and in a very short time both of us were entirely relieved. The nerves became steady once more, the headaches ceased, the muscles in the back of my neck relaxed, my head straightened up and the dreadful pain that had so punished me while I used the old kind of coffee vanished.

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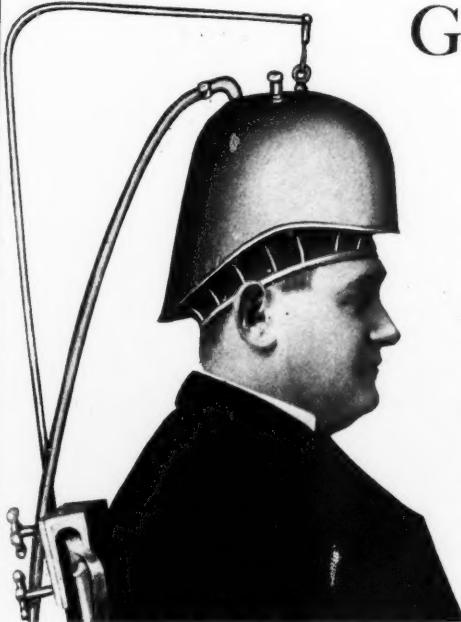
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